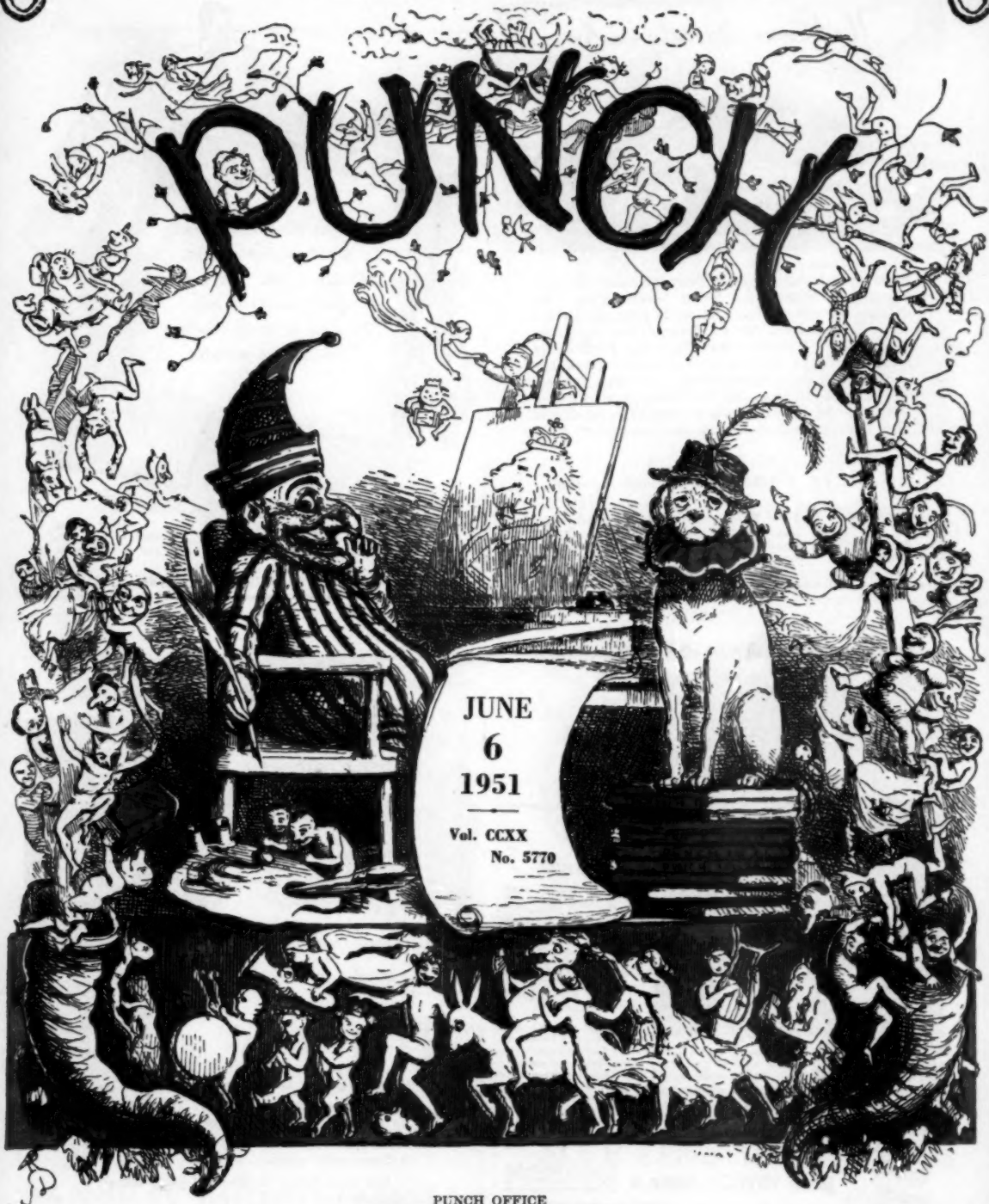


6^p

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6 1951

6^p

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The Rover Seventy-Five



Extra performance need not mean increased fuel consumption. Witness the Rover Seventy-Five. Its designers — who produced the world's first gas turbine car — have obtained from the Seventy-Five a performance which will surprise even those who know Rover cars well, yet its petrol consumption is substantially lower than that of its predecessors. As always, it is not only what this car does, it is how it does it. At speed or loafing, the Rover Seventy-Five carries its six passengers with a luxurious smoothness that stamps it as:—

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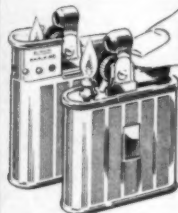
The Rover Company Ltd., Solihull, Birmingham also Devonshire House, London

CV 8-180

Why successful men choose Ronson*



Windshield up for outdoors
—down for indoors



* Successful people are seldom at a loss! For example, the man who lights up first time every time in the breezy outdoors. Almost invariably he has a Ronson Whirlwind. With its sliding windshield up, it lights and stays alight in any weather. Shield down, this jewellery finished, precision-built Ronson is a handsome indoor lighter, too. Press, it's lit—release, it's out! From 43/6.

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June 17th... Give a **RONSON**

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FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**

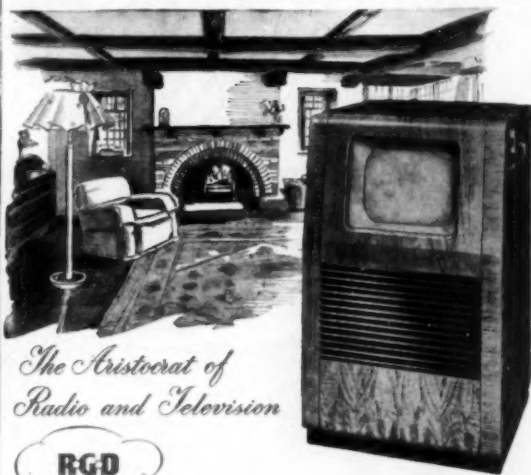


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EAST Riddlesden Hall, near Keighley, the seventeenth-century home of a West Riding Squire, was built about 1640, by a certain Thomas Murgatroyd, whose turbulent descendants held it until

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Martins Bank was founded as the Bank of Liverpool in 1831, and has grown into a great institution with nearly 600 branches throughout the country. Nevertheless, the importance of the personal touch has not been overlooked, and customers are assured of friendly and sympathetic attention to their requirements.

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The price of good clothes has risen and may rise again. What is it to be, then? Will you pay more for the same suit? Or will you search for a *passable* suit at your accustomed price?

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*40-odd guineas which, with us, at present includes purchase tax



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the Comfort
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one

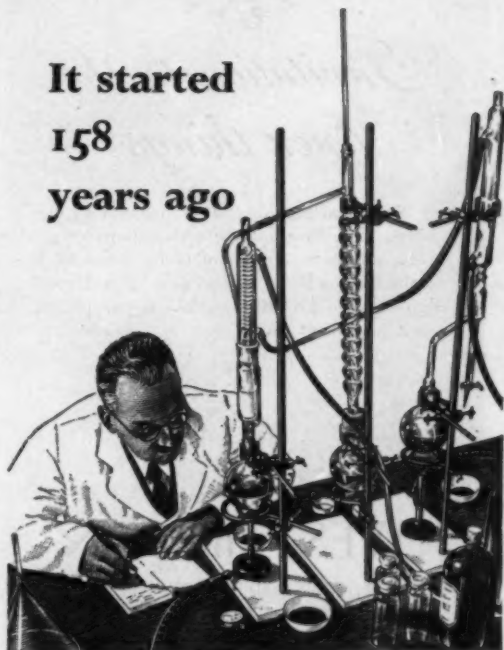
The Renault engineers have produced a really solid achievement in the Renault 750 which is now being produced in the re-equipped British factory and distributed to a number of overseas markets. The engine, being at rear, leaves the floor free from obstructions; four passengers ride comfortably within the wheel-base. It is easy on fuel too. A standard road test by *The Motor* revealed 50 m.p.g. at a constant 40 m.p.h. and 62 m.p.g. at half that speed.

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158
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WHITE HORSE

Scotch Whisky

SULPHUR



"**B**RING me fire that I may purify the house with sulphur" wrote Homer in the *Odyssey*. From these ancient medicinal applications, sulphur, in the form of sulphuric acid and other chemicals, has so extended its uses that today this yellow rock, which burns to form choking fumes, is one of the most important elements used as a raw material in modern civilisation. In recent times most of the world's needs for elemental sulphur—amounting to 5-6 million tons annually—have been supplied from deposits in the U.S.A., but these are fast becoming exhausted as more and more sulphur is needed for industrial, agricultural and other purposes.

Since the early 1930s, I.C.I. has been developing methods of making sulphuric acid from anhydrite, which is found in large quantities in many parts of Great Britain. It is fortunate, now that the sulphur situation is critical, that I.C.I. is thus able not only to increase its own production of sulphuric acid from British sources, but also to place its accumulated research and production knowledge at the disposal of some of the principal British acid users. Plans are indeed now going forward to install new plants which will make sulphuric acid from this indigenous raw material and thus reduce the need to import sulphur from overseas. I.C.I. has also converted other plants to utilise the sulphur recovered as spent oxide made in the purification of town gas.



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VILLA
PHARIS
Chantilly,
France

COPE'S STABLE INFORMATION

No. 9 of a series describing famous racing establishments



No. 9 of a series of pen pictures of famous training establishments connected with British racing would be complete without mentioning M. Bousnac's Villa Pharis at Chantilly. A well-known and successful owner before the war, M. Bousnac has created many sensations in this country since racing was fully resumed. He was leading owner in England in 1950, winning £67,000.

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you to recollect every Mother's son of us
was taught a timely lesson on
finding out that every Father's watch
contains more bits than will go back in
any case Dad hit it fairly and squarely
when he said there's no doubt the most
sensitive and delicate parts are the top
bearings not to mention the bottom
if a firm precise movement
is wanted in a good watch these
bearings are made from
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are the people who provide the tiny stainless steel tubes now
used to drill the holes in the jewels nearly all
the most brilliant business men including many who
made their way up painfully from the bottom
go to Accles and Pollock when new ideas
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Memo for Doctors with Rheumatic Patients

THE term "fibrositis" was first coined by Gowers in 1904 when he postulated an inflammation of the fibrous tissues as the underlying pathology of many rheumatic conditions. Few physicians today favour this hypothesis, although no alternative theory has yet been generally accepted.

"Rheumatism" and "Fibrositis" remain syndromes rather than specific diseases, and their treatment must therefore be largely symptomatic. Many doctors have obtained excellent results by the injection of analgesics into the trigger spots so often found in these conditions.

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The cooker every woman wants
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**Wool Wisdom
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Dyed in the Wool



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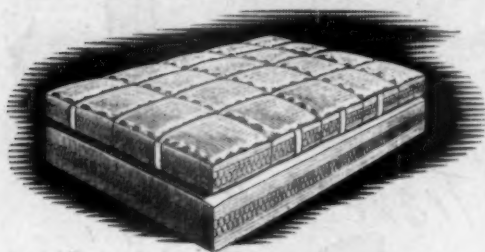
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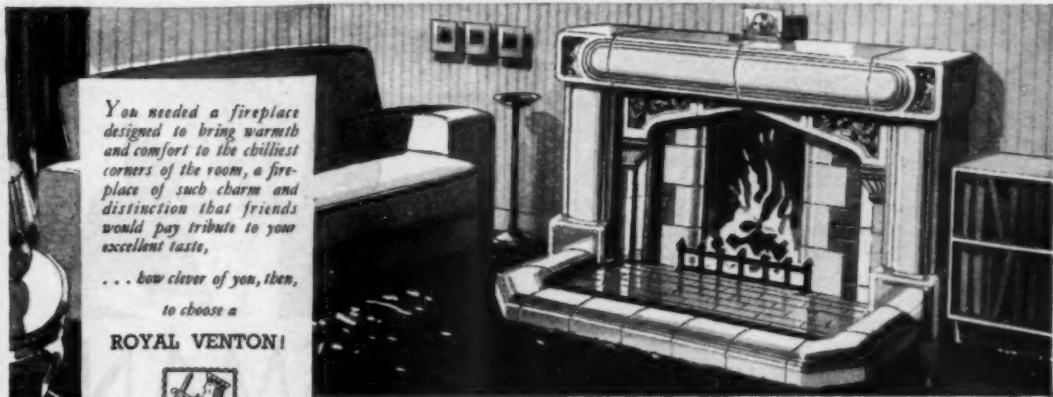


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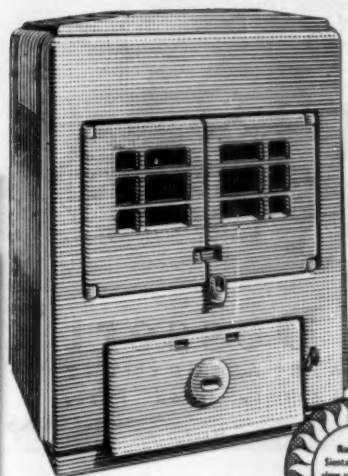
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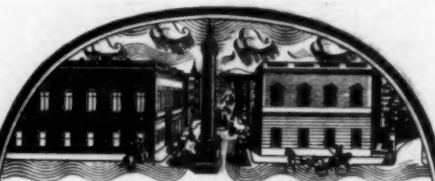
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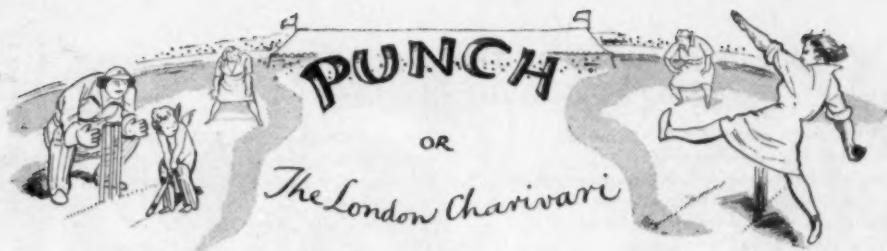


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**JELLIES
TOO!**

Monk & Glass Table Jellies have
long been favourites for flavour.



CHARIVARIA

HOUSEHOLD coal is to be divided into eight categories, with prices varying according to quality. Although little improvement may be expected in the cheaper kinds, Coal Board officials are said to have promised that the higher grades will not be so dusty.

The Vatican observatory recently detected a new comet in the Great Bear. B.O.A.C. reluctantly deny that it was one of theirs.

Each Way Bet

"British Railways do not represent or guarantee that Racing will, or will not, take place."

B.R. handbill on Epsom races

If the cost of newsprint continues to rise, readers may eventually find that there will be no space left between the lines where they can read the news.

The twenty-three fattest men and women of Piedmont, North Italy, recently lunched together off a menu of ham and butter, jellied liver and tongue, asparagus, beef-steaks, roast veal, mixed grill, roast chicken, mushrooms, and fruit salad, with seventy bottles of wine. The Travel Association is hastily stepping up publicity on the news that Britain has bid for 3,499 tons of sub-standard Mexican canned beef.

A Festival critic just can't see the point of obtaining messages from the sun. Well, it gives us the satisfaction of knowing it's still there.

"For men without previous military training, plans have been made for two camps, one starting in June and the other starting in August. As the June camp is unlikely to be held, the new scheme will begin with the August camp."

"Bulawayo Chronicle"

Put us down for June.

It is suggested that helicopters should be used at race meetings to detect welshing bookmakers. Then, of course, the authorities would be able to come down on them without delay.

Full Circle

"The Building, Civil Engineering and Public Works Committee of the International Labour Organisation held its third session in Geneva from February 12th to 23rd, 1951. The United Kingdom was represented by two Government delegates (Mr. G. R. A. Buckland, Ministry of Labour and National Service, and Mr. K. Newia, Ministry of Works), two Employers' delegates (Mr. N. Longley and Mr. R. Keon, O.B.E.), and two Workers' delegates (Sir Luke Fawcett, O.B.E., and Sir Richard Coppock)."

Ministry of Labour broadcast

The theory that fingerprints reveal evidence of the character of an individual is being investigated by New York scientists. It isn't thought likely, though, that this will induce criminals to try to leave a better impression behind them.



A A



677



BRITAIN

WEEK OF THE LOST MINUTE

Road Courtesy Week, June 2-9

THIS is the week of the lost minute
And the spared life;
We shall be sometimes late for appointments in it,
That children may walk safe.
This is the week of the mind alerted,
The skinned eye,
Of the yielded crown of the road and the unasserted
Right of way.

This is the week of brakes in order,
Of tyres checked,
Of the tightened nut and the uncommitted murder
By worn parts overlooked.
This is the week of advice unspoken
To the man at the wheel,
Of the one-for-the-road refused, of the risk
untaken
To impress a girl.

This is the week of the walker facing
The traffic's flow,
Of the extra yards to the lights, of the moment's
pausing
For the sign cross now.
This is the week of the watchful teacher,
The kerb-drilled child,
Of the empty hospital cot and the rolled stretcher,
Of the ambulance uncalled.

This is the week we didn't do it
In under the hour,
Of the glib excuse unheard: "Of course I blew it
And assumed that all was clear,"
Of the old dispute put by, on whom to pin it,
Foot, wheel, or hoof.
This is the week of the lost minute
And the spared life. HH

NOTES ON KOREAN LAUNDRIES

KOREA is not a pleasant country. It is either too hot or too cold, and always too dirty and smelly. The Koreans are used, one supposes, to their climate, and do not seem to notice the smells; but they make valiant efforts to deal with the dirt. They have laundries.

They have them, indeed, more abundantly than any other people I know. In this small and rather unattractive town in which I am quartered there are laundry-men by the score. It is a mystery to me how they all make a living—unless, of course, they exist by taking in each other's washing.

Korean laundries are remarkable not only for their number but for their names. These, boldly written over the door, identify and advertise the businesses within, and they do so with great skill. It is in their choice of words, the combined appeal to heart and head, and the general effect of *multum in parvo*, that they particularly excel.

It may even be thought that our English laundries have something to learn from Korean methods of advertising. To make this clear, I set out below a few examples, taken from the local shop-fronts, with notes.

LAUN
DRY

Often seen in Korean towns. Has the merits of simplicity and brevity. Note the effect made by the unusual lay-out, implying the several processes involved in laundering.

LAUNDRY
NOBLE TAILOR

Indicates that a wider range of work is undertaken.

Admirably clear and concise in expression. The adjective a very happy choice, suggesting Savile Row, etc.

LAUNDRY
FAST AND KIND

Emphasizes the method, rather than the nature, of the work done. Would require, of course, to be tested by practical experience (collars?). But creates confidence.

WELCOME! CRUSADE FOR FREEDOM
HOPE LAUNDRY

Invites patronage on broader grounds. Strong political and ethical sentiment, acceptable to all parties. Query—Sufficient stress on laundering?

YOU CAN TRUST THIS LAUNDRY
OF

B. S. HOLINESS CHURCH YOUTHS' SERVICE

Powerful sectarian appeal. Somewhat verbose, and open to same criticism as above. Should indicate what laundry can be trusted for. Further detail might be desirable, e.g. "Surpluses a speciality."

LAUNDRY
WHITEST LILIE SHOP

Delicate example of "Old Bunne Shoppe" style. Poetical allusion rather recondite, but well applied. Highly commended.

There is, perhaps, no need for further specimens. The test of an advertisement, after all, is whether or not it attracts the customers. And obviously Korean laundries attract customers—otherwise, why so many of them?



THE CUCKOO



*"I'm so glad you won. I couldn't have borne
another scene like last time."*

THE HAPPY LANDLUBBER

NO more profound emotion is known to the sailor than a desire to forsake the sea and get himself a job ashore. It was therefore with great interest that we followed the fortunes of Mr. Fairweather, our second officer, when he converted this dream from a dog-watch discussion to a concrete fact, by going ashore to try his hand at chicken farming. It was three months later when we next saw him, and though by then he had not had time to become prosperous, he was riding it out and had not had to look about him for a second anchor.

He had bought his chicken farm from a man who could not make it pay, he said. His predecessor was an ex-cavalryman, and like all military people, except possibly the Marines, he had no idea of doing things in a seamanlike manner. Fairweather had been quick to notice this and to appreciate that, like seamanship, farming can never be an exact science, but needs flexibility of method, common sense, resourcefulness and bright ideas to a degree evidently not encouraged by the traditions of the previous owner's regiment.

Starting from scratch he had bought himself a number of books on poultry keeping, thoroughly mastered them, and was now in advance of the most up-to-date technique in egg production. He had read that by the use of electric light in the hen-houses the birds could be deceived into thinking it was daylight during the night, and in this way they could be induced to work longer hours. Since this was possible, he argued, there was no reason why they should not be deceived into believing it was night-time by blacking out the hencoops during part of the day. Working on this assumption he had combined his own idea with that contained in the textbooks and divided his birds into two watches, with periods of six hours on, and six hours off duty alternately. In this way they had two egg-laying spells, and two spells in which to rest themselves in an ordinary twenty-four-hour day, the length of which he did not propose to extend.

By introducing a system he had for tallying bagged grain into the book-keeping, Fairweather had dispensed with the rigid Service method of keeping accounts (which consists solely of adding and subtracting figures on two sides of the book until they both come the same) and substituted averages which gave a much better overall picture of the position. Much clerical work was saved in this way, as the books only needed to be made up about once a fortnight. Such things as the number of eggs per hen, per day, per pound of whatever he was giving them to eat, were easily found by dividing everything by fourteen. The answer was a figure which was very useful as a basic constant for comparing results every time.

It was in the practical field rather than in the theoretical and clerical that Fairweather's ability and experience best expressed themselves, however. As he said himself, the tools of his trade were the marlinspike and the capstan bar, and when things went wrong he was all for getting out and doing something about it, instead of wasting time in the investigation of possible

theoretical and mathematical causes. It was just the same as being at sea where the important thing was to prevent the ship from having accidents, not to have them and then try to prove that you had been carrying out the Board of Trade Regulations at the time.

One of the first things he had to do on taking over his farm was to clean it up. Indeed, cleanliness left much to be desired in nearly all branches of farming, he found. There was never any means of rigging proper hoses, and he was obliged to wash down with buckets of water which he hove up out of a well. The fowls did not like it at all and made a great commotion, but Fairweather said he was determined that they should learn to be clean and they would just have to get used to it.

In farming, as in seamanship, so much depends on things that are unpredictable, said Fairweather. Wind and weather upset the most careful planning on the land just as they do at sea, and though the strictly marine difficulties confronting the seaman of coping with their effect on ocean currents and the captain's morning outlook did not present themselves to the chicken farmer, their effect on the egg-laying tendency of fowls was pronounced, while if you kept ducks as well they took a day off to enjoy themselves every time it came on to rain.

Fairweather found that little thought had been given to the comfort of the birds in the past. Their houses were nearly all badly sited and many of them faced in the wrong direction, so that with south-westerly weather and a falling glass the wind blew them out of their bunks. They were much more cosy when he gave them a proper lee side. To encourage the birds to take a pride in their surroundings he had painted each hen-house P and O mast colour, with plenty of varnish in it to give it a good shine.

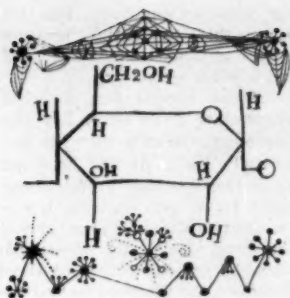
Like all sailors Fairweather had a natural love of dumb creatures, so I was not surprised when he told me that he had a favourite among his fowls of which he proposed to make

a pet. The bird he had selected to be his special companion had been a great help to him when he first took the place over. It had set a magnificent example to the others. Each morning it had been the first to show a leg, and had its egg laid and was up aloft keeping a lookout for the breakfast before the others had shaken the reefs out of their feathers. In those days, said Fairweather, he was existing chiefly on his income-tax refunds, so that it was not often he was able to provide his fowls with luxuries. Nevertheless, on the days when he was able to

put on something tasty, like dry hash, this thoughtful creature always responded handsomely and laid him her second egg.

Before leaving him I asked Fairweather if he never felt any hankering to be off to sea again, but he said "No." At first he found himself missing such luxuries as any bacon to go with his eggs, it was true, but he was always reminded of the disagreeable part of sea life when he got out of bed at three o'clock in the mornings to feed the birds which were keeping the middle watch.





SORRY, NO MIRACLES

THE EXHIBITION OF SCIENCE,
SOUTH KENSINGTON

RIGHT at the end of the fat textbook from which I learned inorganic chemistry at school there came the periodic table, with, a few pages earlier, a portrait of its hirsute discoverer Mendeleeff (the spelling of whose name always seemed to be about as unstable as a uranium atom). The periodic table was as far as most of us got; beyond that you strayed into the realms of atomic physics, which was asking a bit much of even Higher Certificate candidates.

In the Exhibition of Science now deployed on the ground floor of what will be the new west wing of the Science Museum at South



Kensington it is from the periodic table that you are expected to jump off. And how that table has changed in the few short years since I and it last met! I say nothing about its having been curled into a sort of flattened volute; that is the kind of vagary one expects from the designers of murals in Festival exhibitions. I was prepared for the addition of plutonium beyond what I was brought up to believe was the end, since that factitious element has become an article of commerce. But beyond that were other names—americium, curium, berkelium, californium; and glancing through the table I found still further interlopers—technetium, promethium, astatine, francium . . .

Well, there you have it. It's no good going to South Kensington in the hope that it will afford you a quick cram for your D.Sc. On the contrary, a little private study is called for before you make your visit, if you really want to get more out of it than a sensation of admiring ignorance and a renewed feeling of the vastness of the universe.

The exhibition is laid out—but, before I go on, I must say how well it is laid out. Style, that's the word; it's the most stylish exhibition I have ever seen. Even if you didn't understand a bit of what you saw, you could not help being impressed by the sheer ocular charm of the layout and the clarity and variety of the methods used to demonstrate complicated processes to simple people. The employment of "motives," so often irritating, is here triumphant, the use in decoration of designs adapted from crystalline and molecular structures being both apt and attractive.

It is, then, laid out in three sections. The first part deals with the structure of matter, a study which is presented to the public in a way which allows them plenty of opportunities to press buttons—for this time-honoured Science Museum custom is, I am glad to say, observed widely. With buttons I deflected a spot in a cathode-ray tube, and heated a bar of metal, and blew bubbles to demonstrate the thickness of a soap film, and did several other things which I did not

always understand. (The model ballerinas, for example, who were connected in some way with enzymes, I found peculiarly baffling.) The pin-table-like model which should have showed me how free electrons wander about a bar of metal was, I am sorry to say, not working; I pressed the button and tapped the model sharply once or



twice, but the metal still continued to behave as if at absolute zero temperature. I didn't even have the satisfaction of lighting up a little panel bearing the word TILT.

The next section deals with the mechanics of life—the structure of living things and the processes of growth and reproduction. In this section are two little glass cases containing mice (among other things of course); above one of them is a legend to the effect that "Mutation has affected the nervous system of these waltzing mice. This is why they move in such an odd way." The waltzing mice, however, like their staid unmutated brethren, had built themselves a warm nest in one corner of their case, and made no movements odder than an occasional cleaning of their whiskers. I searched for a button to set them in motion; there was none, and they slept in peace.

There is also an exhibit which shows the effect of exposing fruit-pies to X-rays. *Never* expose your fruit-pies to X-rays; it has the unhappiest results.

The final section is labelled "Stop Press." You reach it by passing a curious sculpture of two figures, all the extremities of one having burgeoned into vegetable shoots: this group represents "Man and his Growing Knowledge," so we may expect the shoots to have lengthened a good deal by the time the exhibition closes.

"Stop Press" deals with the realm of speculation, with the problem of life and death, the nature of the universe, the origin of cosmic rays, and so on; but, for anyone who feels unable to cope with such rarefied theory, here are the two best toys in the exhibition.

The first is the pen of electrical tortoises. Elmer and Elsie, the creations of Dr. Grey Walter of Bristol, look rather like a couple of electric kettles crawling about the floor, the spout being replaced by a revolving periscope. Three lights are placed at floor level round the pen, which can be switched on (with a button, of course) by visitors; when a light is illuminated, the tortoise will creep towards it in a series of slow waltzing movements.



Sometimes it will get temperamental and crawl off somewhere else; the public is warned that the tortoises' "behaviour is complicated and sometimes unpredictable." Perhaps there was mutation in the family: this waltzing business can't be confined to mice.

The other toy is a special "electronic brain" designed for the exhibition, which has a genius for playing a game called "Nim"—a game that involves taking matches from a pile a few at a time in such a way as to ensure that the other player (you) takes the last one. (The matches are

arranged in three rows and can only be removed from one row at a time, so it isn't as easy as it sounds.) "Nim" is like noughts-and-crosses in that, if played faultlessly, the player who starts cannot lose; if the human opponent plays first, he will therefore be able to beat the soulless efficiency of the machine (as they say), but let him make one mistake and the brain is on him in a flash. The brain *cannot* make a mistake. What is more, it shows its working in the margin, or rather on a large illuminated indicator.

With all these joys—and a free cinema, and a buffet—it pains me to report that the exhibition was almost empty. Only on Saturdays and Sundays, an attendant told me, does it ever get much fuller. What has happened to the spirit of English youth? There are, says the excellent official guide, no trick miracles in the exhibition, and no mechanical marvels; but some of us marvel more easily than others, and there is enough to wring fifty "Coo"s from any proper boy, to say nothing of his father. Still, there are the holidays to come.

If anyone *does* feel like a trick miracle at any time, he might let it loose on the vine outside the entrance. All the serried resources of science have not been able to prevent its leaves from going brown at the edges. B. A. YOUNG





"Upon my Head they placed a Fruitless Crown"

Macduff—DAN O'HEERLHY; Macbeth—ORSON WELLES; Banquo—EDGAR BARRIER

AT THE PICTURES

Macbeth—The Groom Wore Spurs

THE temptation with the long-awaited *Macbeth* (Director: ORSON WELLES) is to go through it making ribald or incongruous comparisons. To be sure, when Macbeth and Banquo first ride up to encounter the witches among the swirling mists and crags of ancient Scotland they do (chiefly because of Mr. WELLES's cast of countenance and his distinctive fur hat) put one in mind of a couple of Mongolians on ponies. To be sure, the interior of Macbeth's castle can be likened to almost any damp cave, and all one has to do is to consider the list of well-known types of damp cave and choose the one that sounds most ludicrous when mentioned in the same breath. But this sort of game can be made, up to a point, of almost anything; it simply depends on the frame of mind one starts with. Going prepared to be interested, I was interested and stimulated, and I don't see why anybody reasonably free of prejudice (such prejudice usually boils down to disgust at the use of Shakespeare's story and characters and language otherwise than as he used them—which of course rules out a film version altogether) shouldn't feel the same way about it. Its main trouble, I think, is over-concentration. Anything the main point of which is a dark, brooding, ominous, haunted

atmosphere needs time in which to establish it, and here the tension has little chance to work up gradually enough for much effect before it is resolved. Besides this, there is a somewhat disconcerting shift of emphasis: it appears that the witches were the local representatives of an Evil engulfing the country and that the army led against Macbeth bristled with crosses and was concerned to establish Christianity. Macbeth the personally tragic figure, in fact, is surprisingly less in evidence than Macbeth the leader of the wrong side. The picture is full of such points for discussion; it is these as much as anything else that make it interesting, but there is much else too. The battle scenes are well done, and the scene with Banquo's ghost. The final compromise about the Scottish accent, by the way, seems to have been that most Rs should be guardedly rolled and that's about all.

There are things to enjoy in *The Groom Wore Spurs* (Director: RICHARD WHORF), if one's impatience with the mechanical misunderstanding-routine of the plot can be kept in check. The singing-cowboy film star who has to be helped on to his horse, needs somebody else to sing for him and dislikes all the trappings of the West he is supposed to love (even

his cowboy boots give him pains in the arches) is a legitimate target for satire, and JACK CARSON portrays him as amusingly as could be. The trouble is with the tired old formula of the girl (GINGER ROGERS) who concludes that the man has basely tricked her, and avoids—for the required number of feet of celluloid—giving him any

chance to explain. But never mind the plot; it is still possible to like much of the verbal and visual fun. JOAN DAVIS, in a sort of Eve Arden part as the heroine's pawky friend, provides some of it and strikes an endearing note near the beginning by wearily murmuring "Let's not milk this gag" when she gets the handle of her bag caught in a door.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The French comedies continue to be the best of the London shows: the fantastic *Drôle de Drame* (2/5/51)—not for haters of absurdity—and, above all, the elegant *La Ronde* (16/5/51)—not for the morally earnest.

Of the releases, the only one I really know about is *Tom Brown's School Days* (25/4/51), in which the authentic Rugby scene and the small parts are the best things.

RICHARD MALLETT



(*The Groom Wore Spurs*)

Legal Point of View

Abigail Farnival (an attractive woman lawyer)—GINGER ROGERS
Ben Castle (an attractive cowboy film star)—JACK CARSON

DRAMA IN THE INTERIOR

"**ENGLISH** Decorative Arts, 1851-1951"—the calm title of a Festival exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum conceals a stirring history of change in the middle-class home. Never, perhaps, in a comparable space of time has there been so much scene-shifting on the domestic stage; and yet in the library of decoration and furnishing you will find little about this interesting hundred years or the larger number of them. Many a handsome illustrated volume stops short at the end of the Regency as if it had come to an abyss. Many another, on the "Modern Interior," starts again about 1920 as if nothing had happened since 1820; but a great deal did happen, as (if we had no other source to refer to) the "social historians" of graphic art, from John Leech onwards, would inform us.

Victorians themselves were not very pleased with the Early Victorian interior (as one may gather from the "Richmond Papers"). It was a drabber version of the Regency, without its elegance of table and chair; brown, heavy, with thick, yellow blinds and, on the walls, dark steel engravings after Wilkie and Landseer. This is the scene shifted by the Great Exhibition which brings with it a new luxuriance of ornament.

The rooms shimmer with crimson and gold. In some there is evidence of Mr. Pugin's Gothic taste, a grate, a harp, a cabinet fretted with crockets and cusps; in others tremendous buffets and sideboards more intricately wrought than those of a Hapsburg prince; chairs and couches more rococo than those of Louis XV, while Oriental art (so notable a section of the Exhibition) contributes its Indian shawls.

Here's richness indeed, but—revolt is in the air. There are Old English rebels who would not have us draw in this fashion on all the decorative luxury of the world, who protest it is but mechanical copying. In rivalry there starts up the Pre-Raphaelite interior and we are back

in the Middle Ages, sitting on high-backed settles, looking at cabinets painted by the art of Rossetti and young Burne-Jones with the loves of Galahad and Guinevere—removed how far from Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," Landseer's "Dignity and Impudence."

This new effort gains ground in the 'sixties; and as the 'sixties merge into the 'seventies the fun really begins. The yearning for the Middle Ages combines with a new craze for the decorative art of China and Japan to produce the Aesthetic Interior. It will

have its blue jar on the mantel (young couples try to "live up to it"), its Morris chairs (adapted from old cottage furniture), its Morris wallpaper and chintzes, its Japanese screens, and on the wall a picture which if not Pre-Raphaelite is by way of being "Fra Angelico" or "Botticellian." The 'seventies become the 'eighties and now there is a great split between Aesthetes and Philistines. As "Professor of Aesthetics" Oscar Wilde has proclaimed that the "wax peach no longer ripens in the glass shade"—instead his emblem, the sunflower, shines on carpet and hanging: yet on the other hand there is the house of Sir Gorgius Midas, and if du Maurier laughs at aesthetes he has his satirical fun too with the gas chandeliers, the profusion of potted palms, the "Chantry Bequest" oil paintings in their massive gilt frames, to be found in the Midas abode. Once again we turn for decorative refreshment to Old England and the Tudor mansion—the

architect Norman Shaw contrives another remarkable stage-set for us, with much panelling and inglenooks of unprecedented spaciousness.

About the turn of the century "Art Nouveau" arrives—the centre of the room once obstructed with furniture is cleared, there is a quaint austerity about the straight lines of chairs and lampstands varied by a little of the new curving ornament adapted from plant forms. Until after the First World War we mark time, and then comes the final dramatic coup, the interior is cleared altogether by some enterprising young architect who believes that a house is a "machine for living in." The pictures are swept from the walls, the furniture is of metal—the rich client will plead in vain with the "interior architect" ("decorator" no longer) for the comfort of an old armchair . . .

It all seems to demand its picture book which would certainly be crammed with incident, would contain some useful lessons on the value of simplicity (a continuing growth, despite period oddities, since 1851) and perhaps a final hint that even simplicity must not be overdone.

WILLIAM GAUNT

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF THE SKYLON, ILLUMINATED

TWINKLE, twinkle, vast cigar;
How I wonder what you are!
Emblem of the Exhibition?
Or of H.M. Opposition?

E. V. MILNER



FANATICO PER LA MUSICA

SOMETIMES late at night, when the stately prose of John Jos. Stockdale's *Encyclopædia for Youth* (1807) has begun to work its charm, and drowsiness overtakes me, I am shocked into an alert and hypnotized wakefulness by a single magic phrase. It happened again last night. I had no sooner read that Guy l'Arretin invented the six famous notes, ut, re, mi, fa, sol, and la, than all thoughts of sleep left me and I wolfed the whole section on Music.

Mr. Stockdale covers the subject in three pages—not much more than he needs to dispose of Oviparous Quadrupeds—gaily illustrated with pictures of a gamut, three cliffs (of sol, of ut, and of fa), a few rests, and a grand refrain, which looks to me like a pagoda and divides an air into two parts.

Now the great thing about Mr. Stockdale is that I can hardly ever catch him out. Either he is correct, or he lays down the law about things which are beyond my ken: as when he tells me in a memorable passage that the mackerel passes the winter with its head plunged into the mud, and leaves nothing out but the tail, which is kept strait perhaps by being benumbed. (Why "perhaps," Mr. Stockdale? Those divers you had on your staff, surely they could tell whether a mackerel's tail was benumbed or not?) But although my only active connection with music, as such, dates back to the autumn of nineteen thirty-three, when I was twice permitted to sit in with Mugs Miller and his Dixieland Five and add to the confusion with shrill blasts upon my uncle's B flat clarinet, it seems to me that Mr. Stockdale nodded once or twice in this section. His brain was perhaps benumbed after the composition of the preceding page and a half on engraving.

"The demi-tones," says Mr. Stockdale, "are from si to ut, and from mi to fa," and I cannot quarrel with that. But when he goes on to affirm that the note ut is repeated twice to make an octave I join issue with him. The note ut was in pretty common use among Mugs

Miller and his boys (to say nothing of si, invented by le Maitre when he had got sick and tired of l'Arretin's famous six), and we all knew perfectly well that by the time we had repeated it twice we had made two octaves, not one.

The fact is I do not think Mr. Stockdale was as well-informed about music as, for instance, about quadrumanes, meteors, or arithmetic. (A single snatch of dialogue will suffice to demonstrate his shrewdness in the last-named quarter: "Q. What is done with Fractions? A. The same as with whole numbers.")

He mentions the overture, the concerto and the sonata in the briefest possible way. True, he has a happy passage about the symphony, "which is executed by many instruments, and has no decided characteristic." But what of the coronach, the intermezzo, the nocturne, or the pibroch? He bunches them all together and dismisses them in a scornful-looking "&c." He neglects to point out that an overture is frequently played at the end of the concert to cheer you up after the Brahms. He doesn't even include

a warning about the terrible consequences of trying to follow all the tunes in a fugue at once. And I do think he of all people should have known something about the *divertissement*.

But I forgive him a lot for the simple majesty of the following passage: "In well-regulated concerts there is always one musician, who marks and beats time: that it is which gives a whole to a great concert, because time is the soul of music."

It would have done your heart good, Mr. Stockdale, to have been present at one of Mugs Miller's well-regulated concerts—the note fa, the note re, the notes ut and sol and mi, all being executed by many instruments, and combining in a whole with no decided characteristic; and Mugs himself, with his cigarette smouldering on the bottom octave, thumping on the floor with a foot perhaps benumbed, because time is the soul of music.

I will search out my uncle's clarinet, Mr. Stockdale, and for old times' sake I will play myself a couple of gamuts.

ALEX ATKINSON

BACK ROOM JOYS

BOUNDARIES

OUR pleasures, I should like to say again, Aren't exclusively on the intellectual plane; For instance, isn't it fun (mental age about seven) Standing on the county boundary on a bridge or a road Saying "Look, I've got one foot in Cornwall and one foot in Devon!"

And whose is the spirit that a few times at least hasn't glowed

When the barber-pole barrier's lifted

And—wait for it—now—we're in Spain!

Imaginatively we must be sorely ungifted

If it isn't immediately plain

That everything's different, the, well, sort of atmosphere,

If you know what we mean, if you're being observant—like us.

And though it's true we don't budge from the bus, And the mountains we've left are precisely the same mountains here,

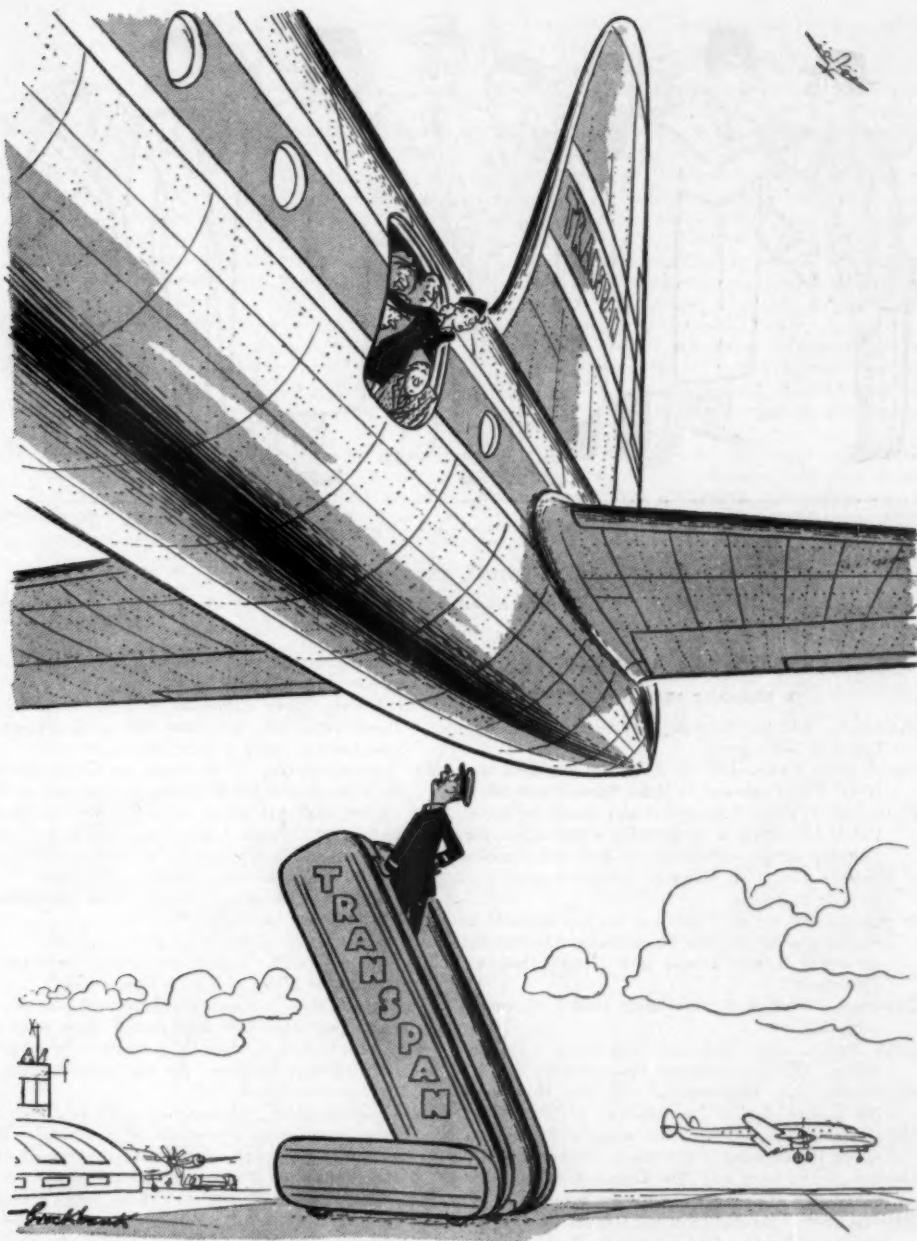
And any questions we ask

Are equally answered in clueless, identical Basque,

We insist on the new situation,

Look brightly, and talk for some hours with a keen animation.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"Couldn't we have been given a little more warning about this change over to larger aircraft?"



MAURICE Mc LAUGHLIN

FESTIVAL EXERCISE

Directing excitable foreign visitors

DEPARTMENTAL COMMITTEE

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT

CHAIRMAN. Let the Secretary read once again our Terms of Reference.

SECRETARY. To Consider the Effects of Fog upon the White Fish Trade and to Make Recommendations.

PROFESSOR BARNE. I thought it was something about Public Libraries. I suppose fog would affect the visibility of the entrance; but fish and libraries seem to exist on different planes, except just possibly in Venice.

SECRETARY. Sorry, all. That was my last Committee. Would this be the one To Examine the Façades of Public Libraries and give Rough Opinions Thereupon?

CHAIRMAN. That is the invitation that I remember accepting.

LADY DRIBB. Mine said something about a Garden Party. Who on earth are these people?

SECRETARY. Mr. Englethwaite and Miss Hounce of the League Against Lawlessness.

MR. ENGLETHWAITE. We have some piquant facts about the daubing of statues in Birmingham.

CHAIRMAN. So have we. The League for the Down-putting of Hooliganism gave them to us.

MISS HOUNCE. But they are just a breakaway organization! Their evidence is not in the same class as ours.

MR. ENGLETHWAITE. Why, they give a year's free subscription for introducing five new members.

No auditor will sign their accounts and they have to use a retired stockbroker.

LADY DRIBB. They impressed us as decent bodies. There was a tall, thin man with a roguish smile who knew a cheap way of making stucco.

MR. ENGLETHWAITE. That would be Guido Bould. He is the nearest thing to a copperhead east of the Azores, and his stucco is intermittently phosphorescent. While I have the attention of the Committee, I'll slip in a bit of evidence. We are against porticoes; they encourage lurking.

MISS HOUNCE. The Ginger Group, whose mouthpiece I am, favour lurking.

CHAIRMAN. Aren't you giving agreed evidence?

MR. ENGLETHWAITE. The composition of the League's Deputation is the result of a compromise.

CHAIRMAN. That Borough Librarian who was at us to support bas-reliefs said that if there were no portico to lurk in, then there would be lurking in the Reference Library. He also wanted busts of Caxton everywhere.

MR. ENGLETHWAITE. Moustaches might be drawn on them unless they were made of gun-metal. We usually recommend hatted busts to avoid the superimposition of incongruous headwear.

AIR VICE-MARSHAL PLATELY. There were libraries well before Caxton. Surely the busts should be of eminent librarians; Callimachus of Alexandria springs instantly to mind.

LADY DRIBB. So does Mudie.

MR. VIOLETTA. My mind does not work like that at

all. I think at once of getting catalogues of second-hand busts and seeing what is available.

CHAIRMAN. Assuming for a moment that we do recommend porticoes, do you favour Doric, Ionic or Corinthian columns?

MR. ENGLETHWAITE. We favour very smooth columns, preferably greased, which do not encourage climbing.

SECRETARY. In your Memorandum you said your Briefing Committee wanted twisted columns and used the term "Baroque," which, according to the dictionary, means "Odd, grotesque, florid." Would not this arouse rather wild emotions and lead to reprehensible scenes?

CHAIRMAN. Out of order. As it's a good question, I'll put it myself.

MR. VIOLETTA. Doric is simple and hence inexpensive. Anything florid would play hell with the rates.

LADY DRIBB. My grandmother was florid and the family never broke even.

MR. ENGLETHWAITE. As that question gives me no opportunity to get my next piece of evidence off my chest, I will ask one myself. How far, Mr. Englethwaite, does your great experience lead you to support neon lighting, with the words "Public Library" flicking on and off? Mr. Englethwaite: Not at all.

MISS HOUNCE. Too many temptations to use stones.

MR. ENGLETHWAITE. And to get at the fuse-box and disrupt it.

CHAIRMAN. Personally, I am all for chaste lettering. Make the effort to attract readers too obvious and you make yourself cheap. There is something to be said for having to ring a door-bell and get eyed through a slit by the porter.

PROFESSOR BARNE. We have not really considered the question of misleading façades. Would they not arouse the sporting instincts of the British public?

MR. ENGLETHWAITE. Direct or indirect attempts at exclusion would lead not to individuals showing a dogged determination to reach books but to mobs inflamed to a degree that our League would unanimously deprecate.

SECRETARY. I never can spell "unanimously," and anyway these witnesses have exceeded their time-limit. The League for the Encouragement of Lawlessness are impatiently pawing the linoleum in the waiting-room.

MISS HOUNCE. But we are a breakaway movement from them! We cannot countenance their following us.

MR. ENGLETHWAITE. To speak more accurately, we cannot countenance it without referring back and angling for a two-thirds majority.

CHAIRMAN. A formal letter of thanks will be handed to you on the way out.

FINIS

R. G. G. PRICE





MINERS' LEICESTERSHIRE

DERELICT, idle, the rotting headstock,
The rusting, rackety six-man cage
And the crumbling, tunnelless, lifeless smokestack
Speak of a bygone age.

Here where the springing thicket's thinning
Breaks on a granite-strewn, pock-marked mound
Lies the dearth of a still more ancient winning
Under the tired ground.

Tallow-dip, Sabbath-sun beasts of burden,
Nor to return nor turn again
But the sons of their sons who inherit the guerdon,
Miners, belatedly men.

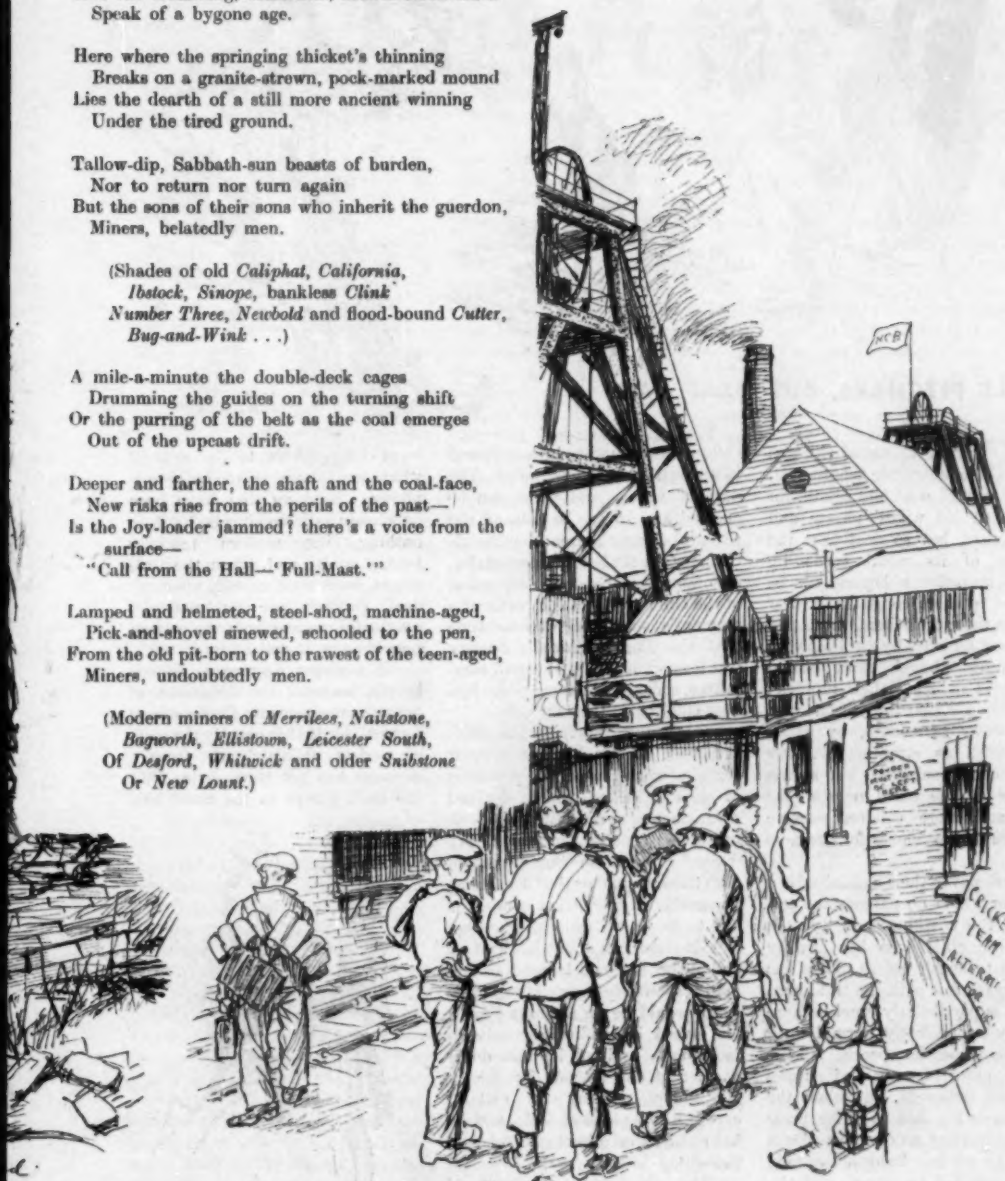
(Shades of old Caliphat, California,
Ibstock, Sinope, bankless Clint
Number Three, Newbold and flood-bound Cutter,
Bug-and-Wink . . .)

A mile-a-minute the double-deck cages
Drumming the guides on the turning shift
Or the purring of the belt as the coal emerges
Out of the upcast drift.

Deeper and farther, the shaft and the coal-face,
New risks rise from the perils of the past—
Is the Joy-loader jammed? there's a voice from the
surface—
"Call from the Hall—"Full-Mast."

Lamped and helmeted, steel-shod, machine-aged,
Pick-and-shovel sinewed, schooled to the pen,
From the old pit-born to the rawest of the teen-aged,
Miners, undoubtedly men.

(Modern miners of Merrilees, Nailstone,
Bagworth, Ellistown, Leicester South,
Of Desford, Whitwick and older Snibstone
Or New Lount.)





LITTLE PITCHERS, BUT DEAF EARS

OUT of every thousand children in this country one is born deaf. Not, of course, deaf and dumb, for that is an old wives' phrase and meaningless, but so deaf that the mastery of its vocal cords by natural imitation is beyond it. In addition to these congenitally deaf children there are others whose ears have been affected by such illnesses as measles, though more skillful nursing is reducing their number; and there are also the victims of a bitter irony of science, by which drugs such as streptomycin now save life in meningitis, but at the expense of the aural nerves. As more and more children survive this disease the figures for deafness go up.

To discover their child deaf is a blow for which no parents are prepared. It's crushing enough in the case of a child who has already learned to speak before illness has cut him off, but with the child born deaf it is particularly cruel because he appears perfectly normal until the time comes for speech. All the proper quota of roars and gurgles has been delivered, but when the first words are due to strike pride into the nursery an ominous silence begins to set in. Baby noises fade out, words fail to follow, and the

child is then found to be imprisoned in his own undeveloped mind. The parents' misery and panic can be guessed at. It was to help all the parents of deaf children, to persuade them to take the best medical advice, face facts, and begin the education of the child in lip-reading without a moment's waste of precious time that the Deaf Children's Society was formed in 1944 by a small committee, some of whose members had deaf children of their own.

One cannot appreciate the splendid work of this Society without knowing something of the problems of deaf children, which demand severe mental gymnastics before one can hope to comprehend them. We depend so much on communication with those around us that it's almost impossible to grasp what it must be like to be cut off from all meaning. Yet, if you think about it, the deaf child who has not learned to lip-read is as utterly isolated from ideas as he would be on a desert island. His world is confined entirely to movement, and all he can do is wonder at the reasons for action. He knows nothing for certain, except a few physical facts, and he has no idea that others can exchange thought.

The old clumsy business of

hand-language is to lip-reading what semaphore is to radio-telephony. In cases that have been hopelessly neglected it is better than nothing, but modern teaching frowns on it; and, when the time comes, as it soon should, when all deaf children are automatically taught lip-reading from the earliest possible age, it will be forgotten.

If teaching lip-reading sounds simple, consider the difficulties of passing a message into a beleaguered fortress, for that is exactly the state of a deaf child's mind. Once a message has got through, so that the child jumps to the novel idea



that everyone else is not similarly imprisoned, it begins to receive other messages more easily; but to transmit this initial clue in the crossword puzzle of meaning is almost overwhelmingly hard. Only men and women of infinite patience and ingenuity and devotion can do it. Thanks to much research in this century the method is no longer a matter of pure experiment, but



everything is still against the teacher. His work is artificial because speech was not intended to be taught visually, but by imitation. Deaf children don't pick up knowledge casually as normal children do. The moment they turn their backs they stop learning, are switched off, as it were; and to make things still harder we English are an unemphatic race of word-swallowers, and only seventy per cent of our spoken language is visible.

We went to see this miracle of lip-reading in one of the L.C.C.'s schools for deaf children, where the Headmistress kindly arranged for us to watch each stage of instruction. The first hurdle is to make the child conscious of the teacher's mouth, so that ultimately he will connect one simple word with one simple action; the next to persuade him to make noises, and turn them into approximate speech. Once he has learned a few words the sentence comes, and after that, by degrees heartbreakingly gradual, he gets the notion of tenses and of linking up more complicated ideas. All the time his teacher, facing the light, is

turning approximate speech into speech more intelligible. Volume control is an obvious difficulty. At the start the pupil has no idea whether he is whispering or shouting, but he learns the difference between high and low, hard and soft, loud and quiet, in a practical way, and slowly this conception is translated into terms of his voice. Music remains unattainable, but variety of pitch is now aimed at in place of the monotone that used to mar the speech of the deaf.

Nearly all the teaching is done by association with visible objects and actions. In the beginners' class we saw a boy of three who still has no speech but has learned to watch his teacher's lips. When he is told to run, he runs. Later classes were linking up words on cards with lip-reading as well as with the actual objects. Nouns and verbs were falling into place; the cards fitted together said "PUT THE BALL ON THE CUPBOARD," and action followed. By the age of seven or eight children had got past the imperative and were using tenses freely, were speaking clearly enough for us laymen to understand, and were beginning to give out instead of

I may say, does fun. There is little shyness, no gloom, and much laughter. The teachers are wonderful. To show us the effects of a late start the Headmistress called in a boy of ten, barely intelligible, whose early education had been meased up; and to show us what could be done we met her star pupil, a delightful and highly intelligent girl of twelve, totally deaf, who understood everything we said and answered clearly. She has won a place next term at the Mary Hare Grammar School at Newbury, the first co-educational grammar school for the deaf.

London has no waiting list for deaf pupils, but other cities tell a sadder tale. There is a lack of schools and a serious shortage of trained teachers, so that at present five hundred deaf children in this country are known to be receiving no education at all. This is one of the many matters on which the Deaf Children's Society is bringing pressure. Others are a reduction in the Ministry of Education's maximum for deaf classes from ten children to six, and the extension of pre-school clinics where parents can be advised and taught how to begin on the right lines. This question of



absorbing only. They have to master two languages, the literary and the colloquial, and a difficulty here is that no books exist old enough in outlook yet simple enough in construction. The staff therefore has to make its own adaptations; a simplified *Treasure Island* appears on the board, a sheet a day. The staff also makes a variety of models and paintings, and its own 16 mm. films. The children help, and crafts play a big part in their work. So,

starting his special education the moment the child's deafness is discovered is regarded by every aural expert as of paramount importance, and it is one that colours all the information which, on the other side of its work, the Society provides for bewildered parents. All the necessary contacts and an active committee make it a most valuable influence in minimizing a tragedy doubly heavy in the case of children.

ERIC KEOWN

MISLEADING CASES

THE HADDOCK POLL

Haddock (and others) v. Howard. (Before the Lord Chief Justice)

HIS Lordship, giving judgment, said: In this important case a writ of *habeas corpus* was issued to the defendant Howard on behalf of three persons, Dr. Haddock, Mr. Knocknee and Miss Gambier-Truce, who were said to be held in custody without due cause or legal process. This great prerogative writ is one of the finest props, foundation-stones, keystones, bulwarks, sheet-anchors and so forth of liberty in this fair land: and black will be the day when it loses power or respect. But in this case the defendant Howard is none other than Sir Charles Howard, Serjeant-at-Arms to the House of Commons, and it was in obedience to an Order of that honourable House that he confined the three complainants in the Clock Tower at Westminster.

Now, it is well established that

either House of Parliament can do almost anything it will (short, perhaps, of execution) to any person who offends it. Certainly, it can, for breaches of privilege or contempt, commit any person to custody; and, in general, the causes of the commitment cannot be inquired into by any court of law, though it is the practice for the Serjeant-at-Arms to make a return to a writ of *habeas corpus*. There is, however, one exception to this healthy doctrine. When the warrant for arrest or commitment goes beyond the general assertion of contempt and breach of privilege and states particular causes for the infringement of liberty complained of, the court (*per* Lord Ellenborough in *Burdett v. Abbot*) may inquire whether the causes disclosed are sufficient and within the jurisdiction

of the House. In this case particular causes were set out in the warrant: and this court gaily accepts the challenge—or, it may be, the invitation—of the High Court of Parliament.

The charge is that Dr. Haddock and his friends "did falsely purport to take a poll of the people in relation to the constitution of Parliament and did publish the same contrary to the Representation of the People Acts and in derogation of the rights and dignities of the Commons House of Parliament."

The complainants frankly confess that they are responsible for an institution called the Haddock Poll which from time to time announces that the popularity of the Prime Minister has risen from 51.3 to 52.6 per cent, while the chances of his Party at the next Election have fallen from 37.5 to 33.8 per cent.

The "poll" is an essential part of British democratic practice, whether the scene be great or small. There may be a poll of a parish, a city, a county, a private society, a limited liability company, a House of Parliament, the nation. But what is a "poll"? Literally a poll is a "head." Socially, and politically, it means a counting of heads, whether at a census, an election, or similar occasion. It is an exact and mathematical process, opposed, for example, to such uncertain guides to opinion as the "show of hands." This distinction is familiar to the Courts; for, whenever a person has to be chosen, or a thing may be ordered to be done, by a majority of the persons entitled to vote, there is a Common Law right to demand a poll, so that all entitled to vote may have a second and fairer opportunity of voting (*Reg v. Wimbledon Local Board* (1881), 8 Q.B.D.—459—C.A.). And, whatever the scene or scale of affairs, the meaning of "poll" is plain enough to the ordinary citizen of "reasonable" intelligence.

But in this affair, it is clear, the word has no such meaning. There are about fifty million inhabitants of the United Kingdom, and about thirty-four million Parliamentary voters. Dr. Haddock admitted in the box that the questions upon



which his "poll" is founded are addressed to about two thousand only. There is no secret, it appears, about the figure two thousand: but it is not published with the "results" of the "poll," and so, for any misunderstanding that may arise, the promoters must be held responsible. The announcement of a "poll-tax" which was to be levied upon one in every twenty-five citizens would be greeted with public derision: and no more respect, it is clear, is due to the "poll" in "Haddock Poll." Whatever it is the Doctor does, he does not count *all* the heads.

So much, under cross-examination, he conceded. But he said that his two thousand were a "cross-section" of the people, so cleverly, so "scientifically," selected, that their opinions "represented a poll." A contradiction in terms: but let that pass, for the moment. Further, he claimed with pride that upon certain important occasions the predictions, or premonitions, founded upon his "Poll" had been confirmed, or nearly confirmed, by events, that is, by the voting of the people at a subsequent election. I must say at once that all this boasting did not impress the court. Not only the method, but the matter must be considered. It may be innocent, and useful, to ask one in every twenty-five of the people how often they wash, what they think about the South Bank, or whether, when cleaning brass or silver, they use Bozo or Shinit, and to found upon their answers certain general conclusions. But when the questions are: "Do you like the Prime Minister?" or "How will you vote at the next Election?" (which is as much as to say "Do you think the House of Commons is properly constituted at the present time?") we should halt for reflection. Here, it seems to me, the more right the complainants claim to have been in fact, the more wrong they are in law.

"Two rights," as Lord Mildeu said in a famous case, "may well make a wrong." For our ancient Constitution has provided means by which these questions can be put and answered; and Dr. Haddock, so



"I just couldn't enjoy it, Mrs. Moggs. I sat there thinking of you sitting here thinking of me sitting there enjoying myself..."

far as this court is aware, has no place in the Constitution. Speaking as a citizen, and not as a Judge, I feel an inexpressible repugnance when I read that the Prime Minister has declined in popularity from 48.9 to 47.3 per cent, however little I may agree with him politically. What an impertinence! Speaking as a Judge, I am sure that it is against public policy and constitutionally improper. Any statesman, it is true, any journalist, is free to say that in his opinion the Prime Minister, or the Party in power, have lost the confidence of the country, and should "go to" it. It is quite another thing to pretend that by "scientific" means you have discovered the opinion of thirty-four million people. For this, if it were

true, would make Elections unnecessary and the Constitution nonsense.

So far, then, as this court has any say in the matter, I find that the complainants were incarcerated for good cause: and they will return to their noisy quarters in the Clock Tower. In time, no doubt, the House of Commons will mercifully discharge them. The question will then arise whether they should be dealt with as rogues and vagabonds, pretending to tell fortunes "by palmistry or otherwise," or as the authors of seditious libels "tending to bring into hatred and contempt" the Constitution as by law established, and the House of Commons, in particular. Upon that, at the moment, I express no opinion.

A. P. H.



[The Love of Four Colonels

Theme and Variation

A Miserable Immortal—MR. PETER USTINOV

AT THE PLAY

The Love of Four Colonels (WYNDHAM'S)

The Lyric Revue (LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH)



WHEN the curtain rose on *The Love of Four Colonels* I had a spasm of apprehension that once again we were in for the sad tale of Russian perversity in council. There, most realistically, were the colonels of the Occupation unable to agree even in the simple matter of clearing a path to their new headquarters. But having found fresh fun in this worn situation Mr. PETER USTINOV flicked a wand and removed us to a satiric fairyland in which men's varying attitudes to women could be examined in a laboratory of fantasy.

The Good Fairy and the Bad Fairy take over, the former in neat khaki. Both heartily sick of their ancient rôles, they lead the colonels to the cobwebbed castle, where the Sleeping Beauty lies in state; and in its magic theatre (beautifully decorated by Miss FANNY TAYLOR to the taste of the crazy Ludwigs) each officer, watched by his colleagues, is persuaded to act out his ideal of love, the Beauty playing his perfect woman, her virtue threatened by the Bad Fairy and saved by the Good. Each of these performances takes the form of a parody: the Englishman's of Shakespeare, the

Frenchman's of period bedroom farce, the American's of a Western, the Russian's of Chekhov. Finally, after the men's wives have appeared rather menacingly in a vision, the Frenchman and the American, the romantics of the party, decide to stay on in a deep frozen vigil with the Beauty.

All this is very skilfully handled, and makes an amusing commentary on national differences of temperament. Occasionally one feels that the colonels have too much to say off-stage, when they remain their ordinary pipe-smoking selves. The play could still be cut into more effective shape, but the parodies, particularly the Chekhov, are capital, and the Wicked Fairy, a pathetic Caliban, gives Mr. USTINOV himself fat opportunities for his inexhaustible zest in charades. As the Beauty Miss MOIRA LISTER is full of comic resource, any pantomime would be galvanized by Miss GWEN CHERRELL's Good Fairy, and the colonels are wittily contrasted by Messrs. COLIN GORDON, EUGENE DECKERS, ALAN GIFFORD and THEODORE BIKEL. The whole original enterprise has been smoothly welded, considering the difficulties, by Mr. JOHN FERNALD's production.

Now and then our luck is in and a modest little revue crops up that quietly knocks most of the big, shiny, star-strewn specimens into a cocked hat by an irresistible combination of wit, intelligence, poise and good taste. *The Lyric Revue* possesses all these qualities in such measure that if it is not brought to the West End London should feel cheated. There are no acknowledged stars, but instead a young and charming team, well balanced and crammed with talent; if I mention one name I must mention eight or nine. Unlike so many intimate revues this turns its back on the barren field of stage gossip and takes a much wider view of our troubles and foibles. A Freudian Cinderella, Ibsen's "Ghosts" done as a musical, and "Robinson Crusoe" à la Nancy Mitford are typical of its sweep. Mr. ARTHUR MACRAE is the biggest contributor, Mr. WILLIAM CHAPPELL has produced inventively, and Mr. LOUDON SAINTHILL's sets fit the spirit of a hilarious evening.

Recommended

For a musical, *Kiss Me, Kate* (Coliseum). For a light comedy, *Who Goes There?* (Duke of York's). And for one really exciting hour, Danny Kaye, if you can parachute into the Palladium. ERIC KEOWNS



[The Lyric Revue

Life and Soul

MISS JOAN HEAL MR. GEORGE BENSON

POPIOY AND THE PRAETORIAN GUARD

I OFTEN think about the Praetorian Guard when I am in my bath, and last Tuesday was no exception. It is a fruitful subject for reflection. Last Tuesday I had my bath at half-past four. They light the boiler when they feel like it, and we take our baths when we can. It is quite understandable that Popjoy had not expected me to be in my bath at that hour. By the time I emerged, tousled, the tea was cold, but Popjoy had had three cups.

"You took a long time over that bath," he said.

"I was thinking about the Praetorian Guard," I said.

"What guard?" he asked.

"The Praetorian Guard," I repeated. "They were constituted by Augustus to protect the person of the Emperor."

"Very necessary, too, I should say," he said.

"Very," I said. My wife had thoughtfully left the kettle on, so I went and made some fresh tea. When I came back Popjoy was still there. He and my wife seemed to be indulging in serious conversation, but she turned to me as I came in.

"Do you remember how many there were?" she asked.

"Ten cohorts," I said, "originally; but Vitellius increased them to sixteen."

"No, no," she said. "I mean people at the last meeting."

"Oh, at the last meeting?" I said. "I don't know; my eyes were shut the whole time."

"Between eighteen and twenty-two, anyway," said Popjoy. "Say an average of twenty. If they gave a shilling each, that would be a pound a time."

"That's too much," said my wife.

"I don't know," said Popjoy seriously. "They drink an awful lot of beer."

"Not so much as they used to," I said. "It takes too long to pour out. A pound a time is eight quarts. That's thirty-two half-pints, or a glass and a half per head, counting droppage on carpet."

"Most of the women don't drink," said my wife.

"So much the better," said Popjoy. "If there are, say, eight women and twelve men, the twelve men get two and two-thirds glasses each."

"Then the women are paying for the men's beer," said my wife.

"So much the better," said Popjoy again.

"And what about married couples?" asked my wife. "They pay two shillings for one man's beer, while a bachelor only pays one shilling for the same amount."

"The married men must drink twice as fast," said Popjoy.

"Don't you think it's enough?" said my wife, turning to me.

"Certainly not," I said. "I should put it up for auction."

"Put what up for auction?" asked Popjoy.

My wife enlightened him.

"That's the Praetorian Guard again," she explained.

"What about the Praetorian Guard?" he asked.

"They put the Empire up for auction," I told him. "After they'd bumped off Pertinax, for reasons of their own. Sulpicianus offered them five thousand drachms each. That's a lot of money, among sixteen cohorts."

"And didn't they take it?"

"Not they," I said. "Didius Julianus offered six thousand two hundred and fifty. He got it. But it didn't do him much good."

Popjoy sighed.

"Very interesting," he said. "But it doesn't help us to tell how much they ought to pay for their beer."

"Let them buy their own beer and bring it in with them," I said.

"Then they can drink as much as they like, married or single."

"You know we've tried that before," said my wife. "They never remember. They're literary types; they can only think of one thing at a time. And then they have to go out again to the off-licence. That's a waste of time."

"The whole thing's a waste of time," I said.

"Besides," she said, ignoring this, "they don't want a quart each,

and pints are more expensive—or aren't they?"

"Besides," said Popjoy, "that means there's nothing to cover heating and lighting and writing materials."

"Let them bring their own torches and writing-tablets," I said.

"It's no use," said my wife.

"Have you any practical suggestions to make?" asked Popjoy.

"Yes," I said. "Don't have any beer."

"Then they won't come," said Popjoy.

"Exactly," I said.

"Literary types," said my wife firmly, "must be kept off the streets. They can't do this thing for themselves; someone must do it for them. One person can't supply eight quarts of beer every week. A shilling a head seems the only idea."

"Make it half a crown," said Popjoy.

"Do as Constantine did," I said.

"What did Constantine do?"

"Slew half of them in battle against Maxentius and disbanded the rest."

My wife showed Popjoy out.

"Come back next week," she said. "By then he may have been reading something about eighteenth-century London."

R. P. LISTER





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Tuesday, May 29th

Their dazzled and house-proud Lordships met to-day, for the first time, in their completely re-decorated and re-furnished House.

House of Lords:
House-Warming
House of Commons:
Colonial
Development

The Gilded Chamber had served for most of the war period as the Debating Chamber of the House of Commons, while the rightful owners made do with the more restricted magnificence of the King's Robing Room. Since then the Chamber had been "done up."

The home-coming had all the sentimental excitement of any other home-coming, but their Lordships had no ceremony—in the words of Lord "BOB" MORRISON, they were too modest. But those who had carried out a transformation that would have done credit to the scene, changing magicians of Drury Lane (or to Lord Festival himself) were thanked, in a formal motion moved by the Lord Chancellor. They certainly deserved the thanks, for the Gilded Chamber now lives fully up to its name, although the gilt is dignified and discreet and accords well with the general air of genteel venerability associated with the Upper House.

The striking paintings on the walls (hidden for many years) and the oft-repeated injunction to honour the Queen, which is part of the carving of the oaken panelling, could be seen in all their clarity and simplicity. And carefully subdued lighting—modern but not too modern—with sound amplification that did something (but, at times, not quite enough) to overcome the vastness of the Chamber gained general approval.

Although it had been decided not to have any "ceremony" in opening the restored Chamber, the Opposition clearly thought an established custom should be upheld to mark the day, and yet another defeat was accordingly inflicted on the Government.

LORD CECIL OF CHELWOOD moved a motion regretting that the nationalization of the gas industry had put an end to a co-partnership scheme in the industry, under which the workers were given a direct personal interest in the prosperity and efficiency of the organization which employed them. It was sad, said Lord C. of C., that so excellent an arrangement should be ended.

The Government's case was that profit-sharing did not work so well as it might, but Lord SALISBURY retorted sharply that the Tories intended to do something in defence

laughed hugely at their own resourcefulness and ready wit.

At the end of questions the House fell silent as Mr. NOEL-BAKER, the Fuel Minister, briefly told the brave and tragic story of the explosion in the coal-mine at Easington, Durham, and of the fear that about eighty men might have paid the price of coal with their lives, despite the efforts of gallant rescue squads.

MR. HERBERT MORRISON reminded the House of the developments in the situation created by the Persian Government's announced determination to put under State ownership the installations of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in Persia. He said the Government was determined to protect the Company's and other British rights and property and added that the Government had a duty to protect British lives.

"In that," said Mr. CHURCHILL quietly, "you will have the full support of the Opposition."

The activities—or, as most Opposition speakers seemed to think, the inactivities—of the Colonial Development Corporation were the subject of the day's debate, and there was some severe criticism of the way things had been handled. Lord REITH, Chairman of the Corporation, sat immobile and imperturbable in the Peers' Gallery, while speakers complained of the actions of his predecessor in office, Lord TREFGARNE, three seats to his left. He listened at least as attentively to criticisms of his own administration.

So far as could be ascertained from a debate not notable for its clarity or definiteness, nothing particular is to be done to alter things, although, of course, the Government will keep everything under active consideration and leave no avenue (and no jungle) unexplored in quest of ground-nuts, eggs, poultry, and anything else that is (as they say) in short supply.



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Gordon-Walker
Secretary of State for Commonwealth
Relations (Smethwick)

of the welfare of the workers, about which the Government merely talked. And that something, it turned out, was to defeat the Government and to carry the motion by 54 votes to 24. Government Peers looked around as if they half expected to see all the bright new gilt turn black before their very eyes.

The Commons ambled through an uninteresting Question-hour, with only one good, hearty laugh. This came when Mr. Speaker called on Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS, who happened to be engaged in a deep private conversation. Mr. Speaker called the name once more—and then the entire House called it in a united voice which would have rivalled the famously stentorian tones of the late John Peel. Blushing, Sir HERBERT rose and asked his question, while his fellow-legislators



"Now the dear child is off our hands, perhaps we can move to a smaller place."

Wednesday, May 30th

When a Member is dissatisfied with a Minister's reply to a question it is the old

House of Commons: Lessons in Etiquette Parliamentary custom to give notice that the subject will be raised again on the formal adjournment motion. There has grown up of late another custom—of adding to the intimation a good measure of argument, contention, propaganda or just plain rudeness.

Mr. Speaker laid it down firmly to-day that nothing but the formula "*Owing to the unsatisfactory nature of the reply, I beg to give notice that I will raise the matter on the adjournment*" is permissible.

Brigadier MEDLICOTT promptly used the correct formula against Mr. MORRISON, and was given a special cheer for being word-perfect so soon.

Mr. PICKTHORN drew attention to another lapse in etiquette when he asked what an "antepenultimate shake of the head" by a Minister could mean. The Minister himself did not seem to know.

There was what Scottish, Irish and Welsh Members regarded as a sad indiscretion when Brigadier RALPH RAYNER (whom none could

mistake for anything but an Englishman) asked that the flag of St. George be flown on public buildings—only in England, of course—on that Saint's day. He added that "St. George was a good deal more representative of the British character than St. Andrew, St. David or St. Patrick"—but the rest of the claim was drowned in what used to be called "cries of dissent." However, Mr. ATTLEE said he would see what could be done—about the flag.

Mr. ATTLEE announced the decision that the ashes of Mr. ERNEST BEVIN should be interred in Westminster Abbey, "in view of his many services to the nation."

Members missed from his customary place in the Gallery Mr. TOM O'DONOGHUE, Editor of *Hansard* for many years, who had retired during the recess. His successor, Mr. VINCENT HAMSON, for long a popular figure in the Press Gallery, now occupies that central seat in the Members' Gallery reserved for him.

The day's business should have given Mr. HAMSON little concern, for it went uneventfully, even dully, to its predestined end. It was all, in fact, very decorous, as Mr. Speaker would have wished.

PROVERBIAL

SHIRTLESS and conscience stricken, here I sit, Prepared much well-known wisdom to admit . . .

That troopers swear,
That doctors never tell,
That mariners don't care,
That earls wear belts (as well),
That fishermen tell lies,
That Lucifers are proud,
That owls are wise,
That three's a crowd,
That fools have empty purse,
That Trojans work,
That tinkers curse,
That in the kirk
The mice are poor,
That editors regret,
That Scots are dour,
That plumbers oft forget,
That elephants do not,
That February's wet,
That dogs have days (but not a lot),
That Love is blind,
That Justice shares her fate,
That soldiers of an older kind
Evaporate . . .

Who runs may read—but many also ran . . .
The Horse is *not*, alas, the Friend of Man!

BOOKING OFFICE

Mixed Quartet



R. JULIAN GREEN's *Moirs* is set in a small Southern University in the States. The principal character is a raw, red-headed student with religious mania and a violent temper. The other characters are students, landladies and the alluring daughter of a lodging-house. The intensity of Mr. Green's narrative, the "ambiguity" of his characters and the unusual angle from which he investigates the situation make the novel as impressive as is to be expected from his long-established reputation. I was certainly gripped by it and I shall not forget it easily. Yet it has a faint flavour of "Cold Comfort Farm"—the College Life of the Starkadders. This is disquieting in a novel that nearly attains greatness; it may suggest a reason why it does not. Surrealism aimed at producing an effect of laughing terror by describing nightmares with clarity. If the same technique is applied to realism there must be a danger of the intrusion of the grotesque. The translation from the French reads pleasantly.

Mr. Peter Fleming's *The Sixth Column* is better than its ingredients, which include some of the oldest clichés of the satirical farce. The funny spies, inter-departmental wrangles, comic Clubs, complicated and inefficient Russians and increasingly sheeplike British have turned up so very often before with caricatures on the book-jacket and a blurb coyly nudging the

reader into being ready to laugh at the home side. Mr. Fleming almost succeeds in living the blurb down. His narrative moves briskly, and often ingeniously, and some of his incidental writing is vivid and amusing. Why he wasted his gifts on this hackneyed material is a puzzle. Surely pre-occupation with treachery and the dangers of a "Don't be beastly to the Russians" attitude among the public cannot have occluded his old hostility to clichés. Whatever the explanation, this is a case where the author shows every sign of rising superior to his book except that of not writing it at all. His many fans will hope that Mr. Fleming will soon get off the beaten track again.

Miss Dorothy Mackinder's *The Wooden Statue* is a pious story which might appeal to Catholic readers, at least to those unlikely to appreciate the novels of M. Mauriac. Its piety, like Mr. Fleming's politics, makes a claim on tenderness of judgment that its merits do not deserve. It is certainly clearly and competently written and its characters are efficiently drawn, though they are not particularly fresh characters.

The plot concerns the gift to a convent of a statue supposed to be that of a Saint. It turns out to be the statue of an eminent mediæval sinner sent in mistake. During its presence within the calm cloister it has an uninhibiting effect on the inmates, though not beyond the bounds to be expected in pious fiction. During the illness of the convent's doctor his work is done by a drink-sodden locum, an aggressive materialist and pursuer of women. He falls in love with the Mother Superior; but she has emerged from the troubles of her girlhood so strong, humorous and wise that the doctor has no chance. The cast also includes a flighty mental defective, a nerve-wracked divorcée from the Smart Set, and an aged nun with a character that yields in beauty only to that of the Mother Superior. The real hero of the story is the conventual ideal, though even if that is accepted by the reader he might legitimately expect that this should not be assumed to be also an acceptance of a standard of fiction below that normally required of secular novels. Good intentions apart, this is really rather a silly book, and silliness on a religious theme is not attractive.

Miss Josephine Blumenfeld's *Step this Way* is a volume of short stories which wastes the writer's obvious talents in playing safe. In writing and characterization the tales are above the ordinary magazine standard; but they give the impression that one has met something very like them often before. One feels that Miss Blumenfeld would like to have been more ambitious, to have given unexpected twists to her stories, to have explored her characters more thoroughly, but has restrained herself in order to make sure of an "average reader" she rather underrates. One story, "Harps in the Hall," is tart and taut and shows an original talent. If in her next book Miss Blumenfeld develops this vein and lets herself go she need not fear any difficulty in attracting an audience.

R. G. G. PRICE



"And another thing about these remarkable chairs is that they stack."

From Chaucer to Orwell

No critic bold enough to survey the whole field of our fiction can be expected to please everyone at every point. Readers will discover their own private grouches at Mr. Richard Church's *The Growth of the English Novel*, and to one at least he seems to have treated Arnold Bennett too scantily, and Aldous Huxley too severely; but such objections should not obscure gratitude for an intelligent little book that compresses into just over two hundred pages a clear and careful statement of the routes along which the novel has progressed from the cheerful torrents of Chaucer to the darker whirlpools of the stream of consciousness. Again and again Mr. Church returns to his main point—a good one—that poetry and the novel have a common origin, that the sensibility of all great novelists is poetic inspiration, and that by turning us into ants industrialism has made this aspect of the novel more important than ever.

E. O. D. K.

Elusive Ghosts

Miss Elizabeth Jane Howard, who has written a novel, and Mr. Robert Aickman, who is inclined to psychical research, have collaborated in the invention of half a dozen ghost stories, to which they have given the happily chosen collective title of *We are for the Dark*. These are not tales to make the hair of one's head stand up, or to perturb one's slumbers. The supernatural element in them is enigmatic rather than terrible; elusive suggestion is preferred to unambiguous manifestation; and neither the *raison d'être* of the haunting spirit nor the particular direction of its activity carries in every instance the explanation of logical necessity. The dénouement of "The Trains" is almost culpably inconclusive, and "The Insufficient Answer," which is the title of one story, might be applied to others. Atmosphere is perhaps more effectively conveyed than event is presented. Still, as one reads, one continually wants to know what happens next; and to make one do that is, after all, the storyteller's cardinal virtue.

F. B.

Inside General Clark

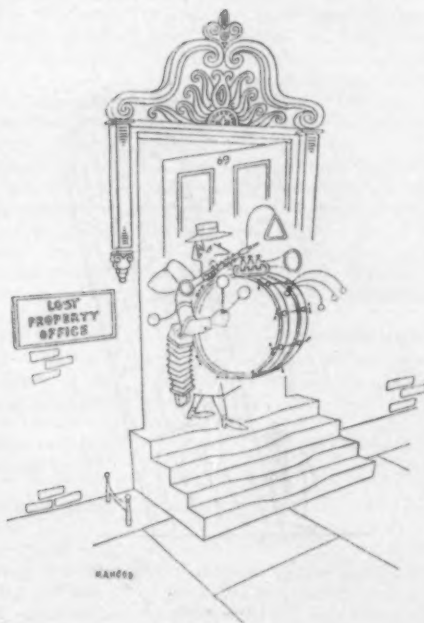
General Mark Clark's *Calculated Risk* is about as good a book as has yet come out of the last war. It is autobiography, not military history, and its uniquely authoritative accounts of the North African and Italian campaigns are spiced with first-hand stories of such adventures as the General's trip to Africa before Operation Torch, inside views on controversies such as those over Darlan and the Cassino bombing, and lively portraits of many famous men. The colloquial style is easy reading, and numerous excellent sketches illuminate the text. You might gather from his book that General Clark was sometimes "cocky" and hard to get on with; but he commanded troops of a dozen nations in his Army and Army Group, besides

handling several tricky political situations, all with complete success; and when he indulges a temptation to "Monday morning quarterbacking" he usually throws in a good word for the colleague with whom he was disputing. Incidentally, he rose from major to lieutenant-general in two years without serving with troops: what can our Military Secretary's branch have thought?

B. A. Y.

A Final Harvest

A last collection of a writer's unfinished pieces gives a sad preview of what might have been accomplished (particularly is this true of the late Denton Welch) had not death cut short a talent before its full maturity. Yet for all the "fragments" and the unfinished novel which *A Last Sheaf* contains, and which we shall never know as artistic wholes, it is a book filled with talent. Just how far the author's sensibilities had matured since his first book, "Maiden Voyage," can be assessed by the new depth in "A Novel Fragment." Once again it is a story of a young man's development, but this time it is not told by a precocious youth but by an older man who has suffered. A new richness of understanding and emotional power is also displayed in "The Hateful Word" and "The Diamond Badge"—two stories which must rank as among the best of our time. Inevitably there are light pieces, such as "Sickert at St. Peter's" and "Ghosts," which are no more than amusing



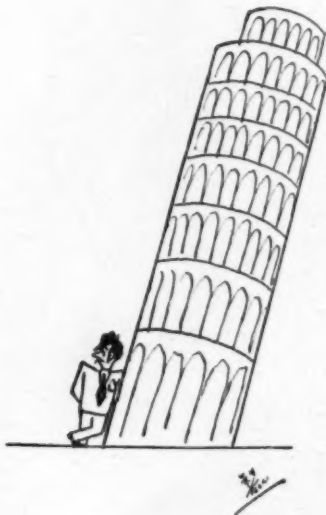
anecdotes; but the more profound forces underlying the surface brightness and the sheer joy in the use of language emerge with full power in the autobiographical fragments like "The Earth's Crust." They also show how much the contemporary scene has lost, and how much it could have been enriched had Denton Welch lived. *A Last Sheaf* is a sad but satisfying memorial to someone who might have become a major writer had he only had the time.

R. K.

L'Armée de l'Air

The Big Show, some experiences of a French Fighter Pilot, by Pierre Clostermann, D.F.C., who survived four hundred and twenty engagements, is remarkable in so many ways that it is not easy to pick out the most striking of its qualities. It is the day-to-day record of a squadron of the Free French Air Force in Britain. It was written in Air Ministry notebooks and it is brilliantly done, though the author tells us that it has not been touched up. The descriptions of innumerable sorties over Germany and France are exhausting and terrifying reading because, by some magic, M. Clostermann has made us his companions in every flight so that we share in the terror and the triumph. It may be read for the facts in the long tale of heroism, and again as the study of an individual, though the author avoids introspection and lets us know him in spite, so it seems, of himself. And it is more than a wonderful book: it is a great memorial.

B. E. B.



"Frosty, but Kindly"

So much current fiction is written by young men and women in the very devil of a hurry that the mellow outlook on life and the leisured literary craftsmanship of Mr. Eden Phillpotts' latest novel, *Through a Glass Darkly*, come as something in the nature of a refreshing contrast. The story is mainly concerned with a friendship between two old seafaring men of strongly contrasted characters, and the unhappy chance that brings their association to a tragic end; the setting is in Mr. Phillpotts' beloved Devonshire, and glimpses of rustic humour are not wanting. Mr. Phillpotts may well be growing a little tired of being dubbed a nonagenarian; none the less, it cannot be forgotten that his pen was already at work while Queen Victoria was still on the throne, and that many of the more sensational reputations of that day have not stood like his the acid test of time. His hand has by no means lost its cunning, and the passage of the years has brought him a ripe knowledge of human nature and an ability—sadly lacking in some of our ultra-clever writers—to "see life steadily and see it whole."

C. F. S.

Books Reviewed Above

- Moirs*. Julian Green. (Heinemann, 10/6)
The Sixth Column. Peter Fleming. (Hart-Davis, 9/6)
The Wooden Statue. Dorothy Mackinder. (Macdonald, 8/6)
Step this Way. Josephine Blumenfeld. (Heinemann, 10/6)
The Growth of the English Novel. Richard Church. (Methuen, 5/-)
We are for the Dark. Elizabeth Jane Howard and Robert Aickman. (Cape, 10/6)
Calculated Risk. General Mark Clark. (Harrap, 22/6)
A Last Sheaf. Denton Welch. (John Lehmann, 12/6)
The Big Show. Pierre Clostermann. (Chatto and Windus, 12/6)
Through a Glass Darkly. Eden Phillpotts. (Hutchinson, 10/6)

Other Recommended Books

- Here's England*. Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten. (Hart-Davis, 21/-) Ostensibly for the American visitor, but richly entertaining and variously informative for English readers too. Nearly half is about London, the rest covers the country with incredible thoroughness in "Seven Short Journeys from London." The authors are affectionate but realistic and critical, and astoundingly well-informed. Many decoratively comic illustrations by Osbert Lancaster.
- The Trials of Patrick Carragher*, edited by George Blake. (Notable British Trials Series, Hodge, 15/-) Full transcript of two trials for murder in the Gorbals. Slum-bred violence leading to culpable homicide; defence of Diminished Responsibility supported by psychiatrists but rejected by jury.
- The Emmet Festival Railway*. Rowland Emmet and Victor Keeling. (Penguin Books, 2/6) A "Puffin Cut-Out Book" from which, with glue and perseverance, may be made a working model (advanced students can fix a clockwork motor) of "Nellie" the engine, two coaches and a length of track of the celebrated Far Tottering and Oystercreek Railway. Driver and two passengers included—careful when you cut out the moustaches.
- The Big Fish*. Ronald Wills. (Allan Wingate, 10/6) Intricate and enthralling problem set in British-occupied Germany. The Control Commission background, clearly authentic if a trifle over-sour, is particularly well done.
- Death Sleeps in Kensington*. Julian Ward. (Hodder and Stoughton, 9/6) Secret societies in South Kensington, gunplay in Piccadilly Circus. Bulldog Drummond stuff, made extra tough by writing "I said, 'Drop that gun'" instead of "Drop that gun, I said." Exciting hokum.

PROUD MAMA

I WROTE and told my mother I had been promoted at the office. I was now second assistant Press Relations Officer and shared a typist. I would write short Press hand-outs on my own, and my salary had been increased by ten shillings a week.

My mother wrote back that she was delighted. But not surprised. All these years when she had been forced to listen appreciatively to other mothers she had consoled herself with the thought that some day, somehow, I would do something. Even one of my schoolmistresses had said that one day I would be worth watching.

My mother had often thought that I was very like her Aunt Ermy. Aunt Ermy never did anything, never won anything, never made anything. But her mother never gave up, and one day Aunt Ermy wrote a poem that was published by the *Munthorpe Herald* next to the Week's Recipe, which was, if my mother remembered correctly, for the chocolate fudge that gave my father a rash which he always forgot until he had eaten it and then blamed her.

Now, at last, my mother continued, she could look other mothers in the eye and write to my aunts without hedging.

I had a letter from Aunt Mabel. She was so pleased about my promotion. I must be very clever to gain the position of Press Relations Officer to my firm. How nice of them to increase my salary by two pounds a week. How often did I write articles for the newspapers? What a responsible job it must be, and how gratifying that they had pressed me so hard to accept after I had at first refused it. It just showed you never could tell, didn't it?

Aunt Ethel wrote. She was glad my mother had broken what had seemed to be a vow of silence regarding my activities. I was a very clever girl. It just showed you. Was my secretary competent? I was very young to have staff under me and must be careful that they didn't take advantage of my youth.



Uncle James wrote and asked me if I would be interested in taking out an insurance policy. When one attained executive status it was worth one's while to invest surplus funds wisely.

Then I heard from Aunt Edna. She was glad to hear that I had been put in charge of the office and had a weekly newspaper column. Did I write for all the papers?

Aunt Dora congratulated me on being appointed Director of Advertising and Publicity, but what had happened to Colonel Bottomley? He had still held that position six months ago, when (she knew him slightly) she had met him at a luncheon. She had, as a matter of fact, mentioned my name to him and he hadn't heard of me. How did I manage to do my job and find the time to be an assistant editor of a national newspaper as well? I must be very busy.

So I wrote a stiff letter to my mother.

She wrote back and said, well, she hadn't said anything. She only said what I said. What else could she have said? Why couldn't she say anything when she had been

waiting for a chance to say something all my life? What did I want her to say, then? She had heard from Aunt Dora that my Cousin Elizabeth had got a wonderful new job as Personal Adviser to the Managing Director of her firm and my mother had only wanted to say something about me too.

As it happened I had lunch with Elizabeth the following week. She told me she is now secretary to the assistant staff manager and, from her own experience, advised me to sit tight and wait for the family tidal wave to subside. I did so, and it has.

But I hope Aunt Dora doesn't meet Colonel Bottomley again before I have a chance to speak to him at the staff dance next Christmas.

MARJORIE RIDDELL

2 2

ADVICE

STAY this side of the moon, dear.
Keep your feet on the ground.
Remember the price of married life
And the value of the pound.

IN SEARCH OF THE PLACE VENDÔME

SOMETHING about the assured way in which the young man with the handlebar moustache kicked my suitcase off the weighing-machine filled me with confidence. He went on telephoning while he kicked, and the sound of half-forgotten expressions like "clued-up" and "bashing-on" rang sweetly on my ear. I have never felt more air-minded.

Following our national custom, on the point of departure for Paris, I thought of *apéritifs* and chateaubriant.

"Slight hitch," the young man said, replacing the receiver.

The *apéritif*—the third, I think—and about half the chateaubriant faded, in that order, from my vision. It was a notably large chateaubriant, with lots of—

"Fog," said the young man, "over Paris. Only thing for it, fly as far as Dinard and press on by coach. There's a train strike."

Eight terrible hours later we arrived at the Pont de St. Cloud on the outskirts of Paris. The coach stopped.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the driver, "it is necessary to inform you that I am born and elevated in Normandy. There exists nobody in the world who knows Normandy better than I. Every road, every lane, every foot-path is to me as"—he searched for the *mot juste*—"as *le Piccadilly* is to you others."

He coughed.

"It would, however, not be just," he continued, "to simulate that Paris is equally familiar to me. There are some years—perhaps ten, perhaps twenty—since I have seen her, and in order to arrive at our terminus in the Place Vendôme one must therefore proceed with caution."

When I was stationed in Paris my headquarters was near the Place Vendôme, and the Army Petrol Pump was at the Porte de St. Cloud. I knew that road pretty well.

Noticing that the driver had turned sharp left after crossing the Seine and would shortly be heading back to Normandy, I went and sat beside him. The situation needed careful handling.

"I have the impression," I said, "that to arrive at the Place Vendôme it would be preferable to incline oneself slightly to the right."

"Our speed increased noticeably. 'There are,' said the driver, 'several methods of arriving at the Place Vendôme. It is purely a question of taste, whether to incline oneself to the right, or to the left'—he sounded his horn loudly at the empty road—"or to continue in a direct line."

There was little time to lose. We were already moving rapidly towards the Pont de Neuilly and—eight dreadful hours away—Normandy.

"An Englishman voyaging in France," I said, "is always struck by a singular thing."

The driver laughed tolerantly.

"You speak, without doubt, of the good wine of our country? Or the superb meat? Or"—he chuckled, and dug me in the ribs with his right elbow—"is it perhaps . . ."

"No," I said, "it is none of these things. It is the deplorable lack of a sense of direction possessed by the average Frenchman."

I shut my eyes as he applied both brakes.

"Does Monsieur wish to pretend," he said as the scream of the tyres faded away, "that we are rolling in the wrong direction?"

I staked everything on one mad throw.

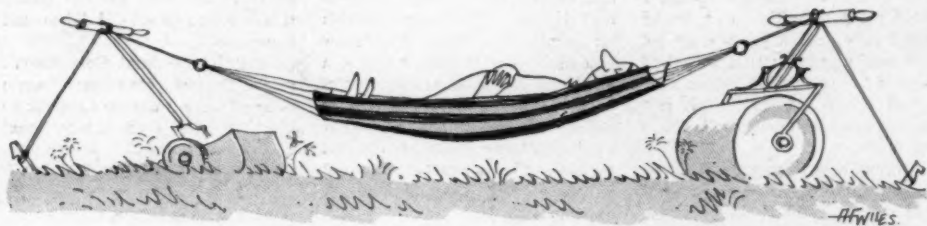
"On the contrary," I said, "I was on the point of felicitating you on your remarkable memory. You have only to turn left twice more to arrive at the Place Vendôme in the wink of an eye."

My fellow-passengers will never know how much they owe to my desperate courage. We turned right twice in less than two minutes, and the stark length of the Avenue de Versailles seemed beautiful to me as never before.

As we turned into the Place Vendôme the driver leaned towards me and laughed triumphantly.

"There is your affair," he said.

"Perfectly," I replied.



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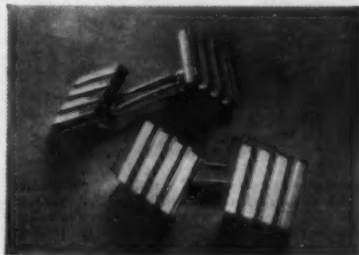
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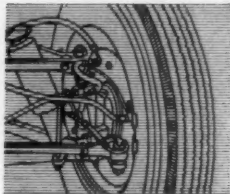
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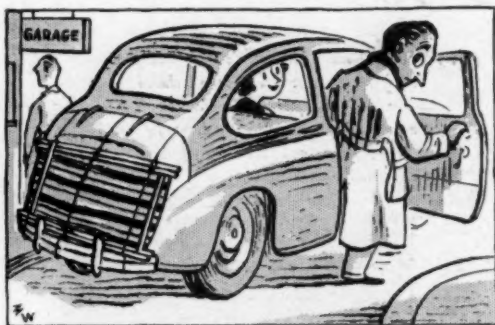
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Mr. JENKINS

must be doing well

Fellow passengers on the 8.40 all know Mr. Jenkins by sight; *he's always so immaculately turned out.* It has even been whispered that Mr. Jenkins must be doing rather well to be able to keep up appearances in these expensive times. But like many who could afford to have clothes made-to-measure before the war, he's had to draw in his horns lately. He's discovered, however, that by buying GUARDS suits ready-to-wear he can still get *the best British cloth, and the style, cut and finish he's been accustomed to.* If only more of his friends shared Mr. Jenkins' secret they, too, would be *better suited by GUARDS.*

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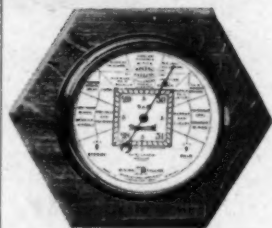
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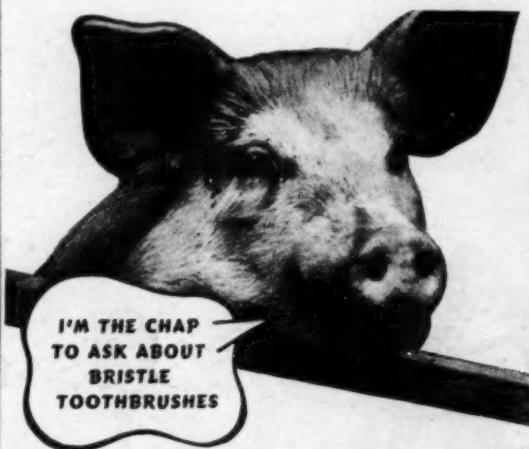


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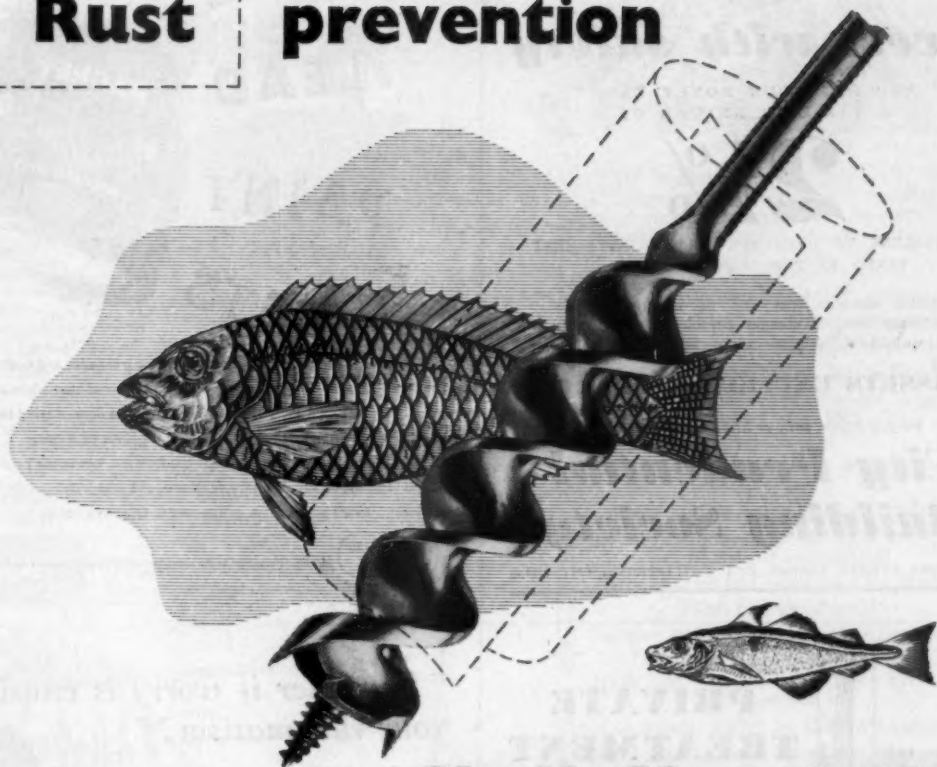
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cases in which worry
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mental stress have actu-
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bouts of 'rheumaticky'
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there is no definite
proof that rheumatism
can be actually caused
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may do is lower the
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rheumatism. By this means a
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aggravated. This is the way it
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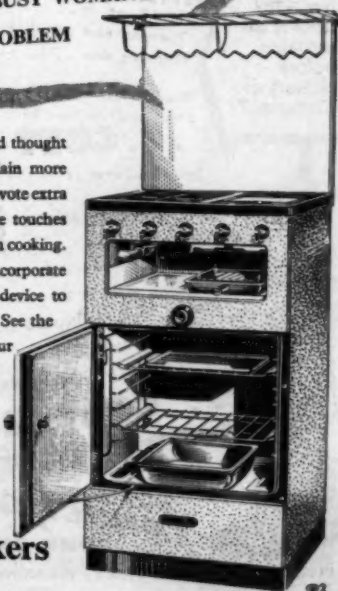
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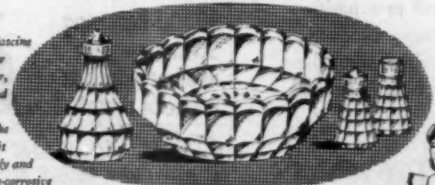
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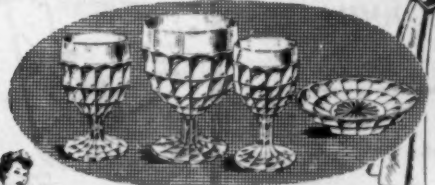
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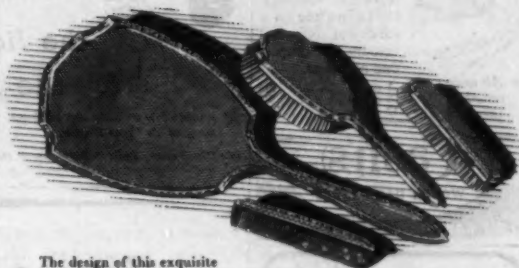
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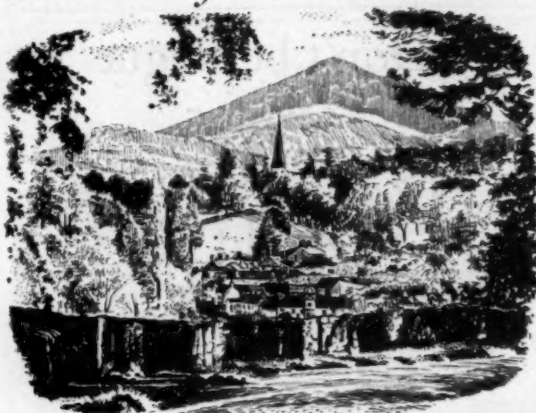


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Regent 2002



Barneys

the Ideal Tobacco

may lead you to the true, deep, lasting friendship of the pipe,—one of life's simplest, yet greatest joys

Kent.

"When I was 20 I bought a pipe and tried nearly every brand of tobacco that kind friends recommended, was finally deciding to give up the pipe in disgust, when I read one of your characteristic advertisements. — I've smoked Barneys ever since, and will continue to do so. You describe it correctly—The Ideal Tobacco."

Smokers of Barneys are of all ages and callings. Week by week, from places near and far, they write in praise of its constant charm; and grateful and proud we are to publish their spontaneous comments.

All original letters can be inspected.

TO YOUNGER SMOKERS, EVERYWHERE!

In your quest for the tobacco of abiding joy, you are asked to give trial to Barneys—which has won so many friends from the recommendations of older smokers.

Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowl (full), 4/5 the oz. each.

(321a) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne. ①

"I could do with a Gin and VOTRIX"



Sweet or Dry, Votrix is the ideal companion for Gin. Mix two-thirds Gin with one-third Votrix, and you have a really acceptable cocktail.

"So could I"

VOTRIX Sweet 10/- Dry 12/6

Smart men know

BRYLCREEM

IS emulsified FOR
CLEAN GROOMING



You're perfectly set for the day when you use Brylcreem, for Brylcreem is the perfect hairdressing. There's no excessive oiliness in Brylcreem because its pure, natural oils are emulsified into a rich cream. Brylcreem grooms without gumming and gives life and lustre to Dry Hair. Ask for Brylcreem—most men do! Brylcreem is in tubs 1/5d. and 2/3d., jars and tubes 2/3d. and large economy tubs 4/-.

Cosmopolitan Perfumery Co. Ltd., Stamford, Middlesex.

royal 58/6



**Motorists and Tyre Suppliers
all agree; greatest-ever tyre for high
mileage, enduring stamina, relentless
road-grip, and handsome appearance**

- * The tread rubber is tougher, more shock-resisting than ever before.
- * Wider, flatter tread area grips *more* road for *more* traction, and wears more slowly.
- * The improved All-Weather Tread — with its new Stop-Notches for quicker, safer stops — resists every direction of skid throughout the tyre's longer life.
- * Handsome buttressed sidewalls provide protection from kerb damage, and make cornering steadier than you've ever known.



**DISTINGUISHED BY
THE SILVER RING**

You can trust

GOOD  YEAR

FOR LONG LIFE AND LASTING WEAR